

THE
ARISTOCRAT,

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

BY
THE AUTHOR OF THE DEMOCRAT.

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THE
ARISTOCRAT.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LORD Montgomery returned to his own reflections. The first turn they took was to reprobate the supposed ingratitude of his friend; but as the force of passion exhausted its own violence, and reason began to reassume her power, he was induced first to doubt the justice of his anger, and then to inquire into the real circumstances of the affair.

With the account he had just heard of Henry Beverley's early and disinterested

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attachment, he began to compare a thousand corroborating instances that recollection brought to his memory: his frequent absence of mind in the most convivial scenes; his total want of attention to any particular woman, while he shewed the greatest politeness to the whole sex, and was always reading the most impassioned parts of ancient and modern poets, and especially Tibullus, and the exquisite imitations of him by Hammond; his apparent confusion when on such occasions he was rallied on being in love with some unknown beauty; but, above all, his constrained behaviour and apparent melancholy at Lausanne, and his abrupt and precipitate departure, recalling all these things to his memory, his opinion was now completely reversed. Instead of seeing ingratitude in the conduct of Henry Beverley, he saw the highest pitch of heroic friendship, sacrificing his own feelings, his own dearest hopes to the welfare of the woman he loved—to the happiness of the man he esteemed. “Yes,” exclaimed the generous

rous young man ; “ at present, my virtuous, my gallant friend, the victory is yours; you have passed me in the career of disinterested regard, it is now time for me to exert myself. In this generous contest, the only one that shall ever subsist between us, I will yet dispute the prize ; I trust it is in my power, and that power shall be exerted to the utmost, to restore the peace I have disturbed, to put an end to the sorrows of disappointed love and violated friendship, and to make Henry and Emilia happy in each other.”

While he was thinking aloud in the open air, the form of Emilia caught his eye at the extremity of the walk. For an instant his resolution wavered, but the suspense was short. He perceived she saw him, and a sudden turn she took into another walk shewed her desire to avoid him. He summoned all his fortitude, and determined to meet her. He struck into a walk that led him towards her, and at the corner of

a close plantation (for the hand of the *Improver* had not despoiled the environs of Eaglefield Castle of their shade) he came unexpectedly before her. She started, and was both confused and distressed; for she had learned from Lady Eaglefield the mortification, not unmixed with resentment, that his features expressed when the eclairsissement took place between them. Lord Montgomery saw her embarrassment; and every other consideration gave way to his immediate desire to relieve her from it.

"I am conscious, my dear Miss Eaglefield," he said with a respectful and yet tender accent, "that I have been unknowingly the cause of giving you much uneasiness. To see and converse with you with indifference was impossible. If I have presumed too much on your affability and natural sweetness of disposition; if I have construed general courtesy, founded on a mild and kind temper, into a particular

particular regard, my presumption is amply punished by my present sufferings. Turn not away your eye; I will drop the subject for ever. Look on me in future as one whose highest pride is the friendship of Henry Beverley, whose first wish is to serve him; and where can I serve him so effectually as by employing every possible office of pure and disinterested friendship in uniting him with that woman who deserves him, and whom alone he can deserve?"

This unexpected generosity drew tears of gratitude from the fair Emilia. Lord Montgomery felt the emotion too strong for him to bear, and he tore himself away, trying to overcome the pangs of disappointed love, rendered every moment more poignant by the presence of the beautiful object.

From himself and his own meditations he resolved to fly, and frustrate every wish that his heart in spite of his better prin-

ciples might still entertain, by forwarding the union of the lovers. For this purpose he immediately went to Mr. Beverley; and after declaring to him the mutual affection of his son and Miss Eaglefield, he assured him of his effective assistance, both in regard to what pecuniary arrangements might be necessary, as well as his promotion in his military profession.

Mr. Beverley felt the full force of his generosity; but of part of it he had a spirit too independent to accept.

The interest of Lord Montgomery to bring forward the merit of this young soldier was an offer he embraced with pleasure; but further he would not be obliged. To wed his son to the daughter, and who might eventually be the heiress of his departed friend and patron, was an honour which he had never contemplated even in idea, an honour which could not be received without the full unbiassed concurrence

rence of Lady Eaglefield and Sir Edward ; and if that could be obtained, it must be obtained only by a partiality for his son's merit, without any addition of fortune, which as he had no claim to expect he had no right to receive.

Lord Montgomery felt and honoured his delicacy, and pressed the subject no further, being fully convinced he should have many opportunities of effectually serving his friend in future ; for, certainly, persons high in rank and power can never be at the loss of means to assist those they esteem without wounding their nicest sensibility, if they possess the inclination.

He was now indefatigable in pursuing his plan. He had got Lady Eaglefield to enter warmly into it. She had agreed to write to her son on the subject ; and he was determined to apply personally to the minister to obtain a promotion in the army for Captain Beverley, that should bring him to

England to attend his duty there, not to fly from that on the Continent.

The evening before his intended departure for London; as he was sitting with the ladies, a servant came to inform him, that a person had brought a letter which he must deliver into his own hands.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LORD Montgomery received the letter from the stranger, and, opening it, read as follows :

" MY LORD,

" IT is with the deepest concern that I communicate to you a very melancholy event. I am just returned from the army in Holland. Before I embarked advice was received, that during the retreat of the troops my much esteemed and ever to be lamented friend Major Beverley (for to that rank he was just promoted) had fallen in

in a skirmish with the enemy. Being no stranger to the mutual esteem you had for each other, I immediately went to your Lordship's house on my arrival in London, where I was informed of your being at Eaglefield Castle. Dreading the consequence of this dreadful intelligence breaking abruptly on a fond father, and on a gentler bosom perhaps as dearly interested in the event, I have sent the letter by a messenger I can depend upon, to be delivered into your own hands.

" I have the honour to be

" Your Lordship's most obedient

" humble servant,

" W. HAMILTON."

As soon as Lord Montgomery had recovered from the shock which these disastrous tidings had given him, he found it would be impossible to join the ladies without betraying the anguish of his heart both by
his

his countenance and his conversation : he therefore retired immediately to his chamber, under pretence of having letters of consequence to answer.

When alone he gave a loose to his sorrow. He condemned himself for being (though innocently) the cause of his friend's unhappiness, which eventually drove him into the dangerous profession to which he had fallen a victim. He lamented the fatal destruction of the bright hopes he had entertained of being the instrument of the happiness of his friend and his mistress, though purchased by the sacrifice of his own warmest affections. Reflection hurries on reflection in the mind of man, without subjecting his ideas to his own choice ; nor let the most rigid censor condemn the virtuous young man, if involuntarily something like a ray of consolation darted here across the gloom of his imagination, since it was checked in a moment, and the intruding selfishness dashed from his thoughts

with all the horror of conscious guilt ; for,
as the most sublime of poets says,

“ Evil into the mind of God or man
“ May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
“ No spot of blame behind.”

He now turned his thoughts on the dreadful task that was imposed on him of opening this sad event to the afflicted parent and the tender Emilia. To the last he thought it would be better to communicate it by the voice of her mother: to Mr. Beverley he must break it himself. He resolved, however, not to deprive either of them of the balmy restorative of the night; and deferring their sorrow till the next day, he retired himself to a sleepless bed.

In the morning he first addressed himself to Lady Eaglefield, and then directed his steps to the abode of Mr. Beverley with a disordered pace and a palpitating heart.

There is a story of some ancient painter,
who forming a picture of the sacrifice of
Iphigenia,

Iphigenia, exerted all his art in representing the agitated features of the spectators—but drew Agamemnon covering his face with his mantle, as being conscious that imagination might form an idea of exquisite suffering that no colours could represent.

Such must be our case at present ; and to the reader's feelings must it be left to form an image of the disappointed bride and distracted father, robbed of that object which, always dear, was on the point of being restored to them in honour, safety and prosperity. The heart of Emilia sunk under the shock ; the rose of health forsook her cheek, and she gave way to the deepest melancholy. Mr. Beverley felt as a man, but he felt also as a Christian. The vain boastings of human philosophy may talk speciously of bearing misfortunes that are not felt. The man of mortal wisdom may harangue speciously in the hour of prosperity. The unfeeling stoic may bear the sorrow of others, the loss of connections that never wound round his heart, with firmness, and erect

erect his front proudly amid the loss of friends, of relations, and of children; but to him who has lost all he loved on earth, on earth there is no consolation. But Mr. Beverley's philosophy looked further. His faith in a happier and more permanent state of things was founded on a rock, and to that rock he clung with unshaken confidence, as well in the time of tribulation as in that of prosperity; and to that he would cling in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment.

He looked forward with sure and certain hope to that state when every wound should be healed, and every tear wiped away: and at times, if the gush of parental affliction was bursting from him,

" Yet while his eye to Heaven he rais'd

" Its silent waters sunk away*."

When such are the consolations that religion affords, what does not that wretch de-

* From *Armine and Elvira*, a poem, by the Rev. Mr. Cartwright, well worthy to be more known.

serve,

serve, who tries every art of malignant sophistry to eradicate it from the mind; who deprives misery of its only comfort; who snatches the healing cup of mercy from the hand of the Creator; who would tear the laurel of salvation from the triumphant brow of the beneficent Being who bought it with his blood; who wishes to sharpen anew the sting of death, to restore again the victory of the grave!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THERE was one person in the family at Eaglefield Castle to whom the news of Henry Beverley's death occasioned, to say the least of it, no concern. This fair stoic was Mrs. Margaret Eaglefield. Perhaps this may seem a little inconsistent with what has formerly been said of the exquisite sensibility of her feelings; but we must relate things as they are, though they offend against the canon of the critic who directs characters to be preserved uniformly throughout*. Now it is certain,

* ————*Servetur ad imum*

Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.

and we do not think the case peculiar to her, that though Mrs. Margaret still kept up her sensitive sympathy for lap-dogs, spiders, wasps, maggots, and tom-tits, she did not feel any violent paroxysm of sorrow for poor Beverley, though she paid to his memory the decent tribute of a tear, which she squeezed out (though with some difficulty) even without the assistance of an onion. In truth, Mrs. Margaret, like many other persons of exquisite sensibility, was tremblingly alive to the tender passions. A tale of distress always excited her feelings; but as persons who are in the habit of pampering the appetite by high dishes lose all relish for plain food, so it may possibly happen, that those who use themselves to weep over highly wrought scenes of fictitious distress may lose a sense of sorrow for events in ordinary life. Besides, though we are far from adopting with the misanthropic Swift, as a general truth, the abominable maxim of Rochefoucault, that there is always something in the misfortunes of our best friends that is not displeasing to

us ;

us; yet it will frequently happen that there are circumstances in the misfortunes of persons with whom we are only acquainted that bring their consolation with them, and which can never occur in a tale of fictitious woe; and many a maiden aunt, who may possibly, while she casts her eye over these pages, breathe a sigh of sympathy for the premature separation of Henry and Emilia, will not very seriously lament the fate of a gallant warrior, who stood between one of her own relations and a splendid marriage that flattered her ambition.

Mrs. Margaret from the first moment of Lord Alton's introduction to the family had marked him for her niece. She had seen with uncommon pleasure the rise and progress of his inclination, and the apparent complacency of Emilia which had recently appeared. The late determination was a thunderstroke to her. The acquiescence of her sister-in-law put her out of all patience; and she would have harassed

harassed her meek and gentle spirit with a thousand harsh remonstrances, had she not been overawed by the resolution of Lord Montgomery, who so firmly supported the cause of the divided lovers.

But her hopes now revived. She was not so little read in the human heart, as to form any prospect of success from immediate interference: but she well knew the influence of time on the strongest afflictions; and she carefully lay on the watch to second every effort of that grand consoler by her own *interference*, whenever occasion should offer, either with Lord Montgomery, Emilia Eaglefield, or her mother.

As this lady was fully sensible of the truth of the proverb, that in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, though by no means diffident of her own abilities, she was resolved to consult her former ally, Mr. Mortlock, and accordingly wrote an
account

account to him of the whole affair, requesting his advice, and, if necessary, his assistance.

In the mean time Lord Montgomery was diligent in his assiduities to every part of the distressed circle. He gave most of his time to Mr. Beverley, and afforded him the best mode of consolation, by listening to his own excellent lessons on submission to the will of Providence, and, by becoming a pupil, drew from his reverend monitor rules of resignation, that applying them to himself he was taught by teaching.

On Miss Eaglefield he did not obtrude himself; but he led Lady Eaglefield to adopt such a mode of conduct as was best calculated to soften the melancholy that could not be combated, and, by giving a temporary indulgence to her grief, to weaken those feelings that would gain strength by being opposed, that might be fatal by being smothered.

After

After being some time engaged in these offices of benevolence, he began to think his presence no longer necessary at Eaglefield Castle; and as some provincial duties now called him to his paternal seat, he seized the opportunity of quitting a scene which was painful in the extreme to him.

The impatience of Mrs. Margaret for her favourite scheme had in some degree got the better of her prudence; and she could not avoid, when Lord Montgomery occasionally expressed the deep interest he felt in the lovely mourner, the dropping some hints that convinced him he might be made a cause of additional misery to Emilia by the imprudent solicitations of the aunt.

He was at first at a loss how to act. His delicacy would not permit him to mention it to Lady Eaglefield. The same objection arose with regard to Mr. Beverley. He at length resolved to address Emilia herself

herself on the subject, which he did by this note :

“ LORD Montgomery is now going to quit Eaglefield Castle. It may appear impertinent in him to offer his services to Miss Eaglefield when she has a brother to protect her; but if any *peculiar circumstances* should arise in which his interference may be of any use to her, he hopes, he entreats she will apply to him as the brother of one whom he always loved, and whom he now laments with more than fraternal affection.”

Emilia received the note with a melancholy satisfaction. It was (to use the words of Ossian or Macpherson, no matter which if the thought is good) ‘like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful.’ She was perfectly sensible of the persecution that awaited her, and she saw deliverance from that persecution in the only person who could essentially give it.

As

As soon as the note was sent, Lord Montgomery quitted Eaglefield Castle, and in a very few hours he was succeeded by a person of a very different character—Mr. Mortlock.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IT was not without some emotions of sorrow that Emilia heard of the departure of Lord Montgomery. Highly sensible of the delicacy and generosity of his conduct towards her and his friend, and considering him almost as the adopted brother of Henry Beverley, she imagined she might have found much consolation from his company, and, by having a person with whom she could share the luxury of sorrow, alleviate the force of her anguish by giving it utterance.

What effect such a communication of sentiment might have ultimately had on her mind,

mind, it is impossible to judge; certain it is, that the wish solely arose from her strong attachment to the memory of Henry.

Mr. Mortlock, however, and her aunt, by their judicious arrangements, soon effectually settled the whole business.

Immediately on Mr. Mortlock's arrival a council of war was held, and the plan of operations agreed on between the allied powers. The first attack commenced by introducing the name of Lord Montgomery on every possible opportunity, and setting his various merits in the fairest light. On these occasions Emilia joined warmly in the subject, for her heart beat in unison with their words; and what her heart dictated, neither her voice nor her look had ever disguised.

Flushed with this success, they pursued their purpose with redoubled ardour, and pressed the eulogium on Lord Montgo-

mery so strongly, that Emilia saw their design with disgust, and now studiously avoided any mention of his name ; and whenever he was made the peculiar topic of conversation (which was almost whenever they met) she immediately left the room.

Piqued but not discouraged by this, they varied the mode of attack. They openly declared their sentiments with regard to an union between Lord Montgomery and Miss Eaglefield ; and when Lady Eaglefield attempted to check their career, she drew down censure on herself, for having ever given her sanction to a marriage between her daughter and Henry Beverley.

Lady Eaglefield felt truly distressed at this conduct. She was unhappy herself, and she saw her daughter sinking under a depression of spirits that seriously alarmed her. Sometimes she thought of consulting Mr. Beverley on her situation, and sometimes

times of applying to Lord Montgomery himself; for Miss Eaglefield had shewn her his farewell note. But in the midst of her doubts, a temporary relief was afforded her from a very unexpected quarter.

One afternoon as they were sitting together, their ears were saluted by a loud view holla; and Mr. Mortlock, going to the window, suddenly exclaimed with great displeasure, "That brute young Hawthorn is just come to the door."

As the gates of Eaglefield castle were never shut to the visitor, the bell was instantly rung—and Sammy entered, or rather burst into the parlour, and was received with cordiality by Lady Eaglefield and Emilia, and with cold civility by the other pair. The first he felt, but the last entirely escaped his observation.

Immediate inquiries were now made after the rest of the family; when Sam-

my informed them, that they would soon have an opportunity of being satisfied personally of their welfare, as the coach was just behind with his father, mother, and sister, who had been some time at a small sea-port in the west, and, taking Plymouth in their way, could not pass so near Eaglefield castle without calling on their fellow-travellers.

The coach now drew up to the door, and the whole family were ushered in. The immediate sense of sorrow was lost in the welcome of old acquaintance ; new matter of conversation was started ; the pressure of a subject which had long been urged with unremitting perseverance and cruelty was removed ; and the evening was passed with a degree of ease that had long been a stranger to the walls of Eaglefield castle.

The next morning, after the usual ceremonies of one party offering to depart, and the other pressing their stay, it was fixed that

that the Hawthorns should make a few days sojourn with their friends, sorely against the inclination of the two allies, who found their scheme of perseverance and persecution entirely deranged by this accession of company.

Emilia Eaglefield and Lydia Hawthorn were always together. Though the sorrow that had ever preyed on the bosom of the one was buried there as a profound secret, while the cause whence the melancholy of the other arose was well known, they yet indulged a general communication of sentiment; and strange as it may seem, from the hour of their meeting Miss Eaglefield's grief assumed a soberer hue, her health seemed better, and the agitation of passion melted into the calmer state of silent resignation.

Lady Eaglefield saw and rejoiced at the change; and she listened with pleasure to a hearty invitation of the Hawthorns, to
C 3 herself

herself and her daughter, to accompany them to their house in Wiltshire.

To this Mr. Mortlock and Mrs. Margaret strongly objected. They declared, it must be obvious to the most superficial observer, that the society of Lydia could only tend to increase the melancholy of Emilia; and they urged, if change of scene was necessary, how much preferable a few months dissipation at some public place like Bath, or the metropolis, must be, to moping amid the solitude of a country residence.

By these tormentors the gentle spirit of Lady Eaglefield was again perplexed. She resolved, however, to act as she now was convinced was right. The peace and health of her daughter were too dear to be hazarded, by complying against her own better judgment with the opinion of others; and she determined to act on this occasion with firmness and resolution—
qualities

qualities, by the way, with which (as our readers must have observed) she was not peculiarly endowed. But her efforts were happily superseded by the sudden arrival of her son.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IT was some time before Sir Edward Eaglefield learned the fate of Henry Beverley. Lieutenant Hamilton knowing the coolness that had taken place between the early friends, did not think it necessary to communicate it particularly to him, concluding that Lord Montgomery would write to him; which Lord Montgomery could not prevail on himself to do, when he reflected on the peculiar predicament in which he was placed, with regard to his sister.

The

The news, at length, reached his ears in the Highlands of Scotland. Miss Fraser was deeply affected with it. The early impression Henry had made on her heart was weakened. She knew his affections were fixed on another; and the assiduity of Sir Edward, and the essential services he had rendered her and her family, had placed him very high in her esteem, of which she had already given a strong proof, by rallying herself on her former partiality for his friend. To his virtues she now, however, paid the sincerest tribute of sorrow; in which she was as sincerely joined by Sir Edward, who had long looked forward to the hour when he should shew himself once more a companion and a rival of the friend of his youth, in the attainments that become a man and an Englishman.

But though Madelain was well acquainted with the reciprocal passion of Henry and Emilia, (for, in finding each other out,

lovers are like Freemasons, and especially if they fix on the same object), she never dropped a hint of it to Sir Edward till this melancholy event, when he first heard it from her lips.

As Sir Edward had a most affectionate regard both for his sister and mother, he did not hesitate a moment on returning to Eaglefield castle immediately ; and taking a tender leave of Madelain, and a very affectionate one of Mr. and Mrs. Frazer, he set out post for Devonshire, and arrived there at the particular crisis we have mentioned.

The alteration in his manners and appearance struck the whole company. He bowed less ; he never interlarded his discourse with a French expression, and his face bore the marks of the sun and wind. Lady Eaglefield was highly pleased with the change ; Emilia again recognised in her altered brother, the young companion
of

of the boyish frolicks of Henry Beverley. Mr. Mortlock, however, was as much hurt as they were pleased.

He was terribly chagrined to see his elegant pupil so Anglicised; and he could hardly contain his mortification, when he heard him after supper enter into a long dissertation with Sammy Hawthorn, on grouse-shooting.

The next morning Lady Eaglefield had a conference with her son, in which she informed him of all that had passed, and Sir Edward entered into the plan of changing the scene; and it was soon determined that he, with his mother and sister, should accompany the Hawthorn family when they returned home, which happened in the course of the week, while Mrs. Margaret determined to pass the autumn at Bath, to which place she was conducted by Mr. Mortlock.

CHAPTER XL.

IT was now in the beginning of the month of October, and Sir Edward divided his time between the field amusements of Mr. Hawthorn and the conversation of his sister and Lydia, occasionally drawing them from their melancholy converse to smile both with him and at him; while he amused them with a thousand ridiculous circumstances, in which his pretty-gentleman-like education had involved him during his British tour—if that can be called a tour, which was little more than a journey to and from one particular spot.

Part of their time, however, was employed in paying and receiving visits among their neighbours, in the generality of whom there was no very distinguishing character.

One gentleman, however, who lived within two miles of them, was marked by some peculiar traits of singularity.

Mr. Aldworth had acquired a fortune in the East, and consequently was one of the persons usually distinguished by the old residents in the county by the appellation of Nabob, though in manner and way of thinking he was totally different from the generality of that description. He had left England at the age of five-and-twenty, and, having had a very good education, set out, in that respect, on very different terms with most other oriental adventurers. He had been forty years absent from his native country; and as that period was spent in China, he had no opportunity either of learning the progressive state of customs in England,

or

or forming new habits in the society where he lived, as neither the persons who composed the English factory, the captains of the country ships, or the native Chinese, formed a very interesting circle to a mind at all cultivated. His situation precluded him from much communication with the Indiamen who came from England; and if it had not, perhaps he would not have very eagerly sought an acquaintance either with their captains or their crews. Mr. Aldworth, therefore, returned to England as perfectly a stranger to the alteration of the present mode of living there, and as little habituated to any other than what he had left on his departure, as if he had just awakened from a forty years sleep.

The character and opinions of this gentleman will be best delineated, by placing before the reader his manner of life and conversation, as exhibited in the first visit made after the arrival of the Eaglefield family.

The

The hour of dining was announced at three o'clock precisely. The house was old-fashioned, as well as the garden and plantations. A long avenue of trees led up to an iron gate, from which, in dry weather, a short strait walk through a parterre led to the hall-door. When cold, rain, or wind rendered such a walk uncomfortable, a road on the outside of the garden-wall conducted the guests to another door, that led to the stable and offices. As Mr. Aldworth had no predilection for any particular county, he was determined to seek such a habitation as was in the usual form of those that were in fashion when he left England, and it was some time before he could fix on one perfectly to his mind.

He received the company at the garden-gate with all the formal civility of the early part of this century. For though, at the time when he left England, the free behaviour that distinguished the present day

day was beginning to take place among the first circles, it had not then been generally adopted by the middling ranks of society—a subsequent refinement that, perhaps, has neither benefited our manners nor our morals. The really polite, like the really virtuous, are a law to themselves; they can be free without being offensive; but the familiarity of the vulgar is truly disgusting. The generous steed may go at liberty in the park, and the terrier and the spaniel have the run of the parlour—but woe to our comfort, or even our safety, when we take the chain and the muzzle from the bear and the monkey!

However, through all this formal civility, a moroseness of thinking would betray a discontent at the things around him; and the inveterate habits and peculiarities of the old humourist occasionally broke through the affected politeness of the old courtier. Mr. Aldworth was wonderfully complaisant, as far as bowing and fine speeches

speeches went: but if his hours or his customs were infringed on, or his opinions contradicted, his impatience betrayed itself with some degree of asperity.

The company had not been long seated in the drawing-room when the clock struck three; and in five minutes after Mr. Aldworth rung the bell, and inquired why the dinner was not served. The servant answered, that it was ready, and only waited for the arrival of Sir Thomas and Lady Williams.

“ And because Sir Thomas and Lady Williams choose to run the hazard of eating their dinner cold, rather than come at the hour appointed, am I to free them from that inconvenience at the expence of those who have the politeness to be punctual? No; let Sir Thomas and my Lady have their fish and their venison warmed up again in the stew-pan, or warming-pan, I do not care a fig which. My good friends
here

here shall not not have the turbot boiled to rags, or all the fat roasted off the haunch, to humour the caprice of a fine gentleman and lady, who perhaps are now looking at their watches with impatience for its being half an hour beyond their time. Send up dinner immediately. Marc Antony might have a fresh entertainment served up every half-hour; but a private gentleman, who can afford only one dinner in the four-and-twenty hours, must have it brought in the moment it is ready, or he is worse off than a ploughman."

To this speech Mr. Aldworth found no dissentient voice; for though the master or mistress of the house may wait out of civility to an absentee, it is always unpleasant to the rest of the company, as it protracts that period which is the most disagreeable part of the whole day.

As the servant was entering the room to announce dinner, a violent ringing was heard.

heard at the gate ; which occasioned Dr. Philpot, the rector of the parish, to exclaim, with more hastiness than elegance, that they were just come in pudding-time; when the door opened, and in came Mr. and Mrs. Courtly on a morning visit.

This was too much for the patience of Mr. Aldworth; and he was on the point of betraying his displeasure, when suddenly recollecting himself, he addressed his unexpected visitors with a look of dissembled complacency, and expressed his obligation to them for the friendly freedom of dropping in upon him at the hour of dinner, which he told them was just put on the table.

“Dinner on the table at this hour!” said the fashionable visitors; “we only called in for a few minutes; we are going to partake of a small *dejeuné* at Eastwood Lodge, and must return to dress before it is dark, being engaged to dine in the evening at Lord Linger’s.” Saying this, they went out of the room,

room, got into the curricie, and drove away, lifting up their hands and eyes at the barbarous hours of their neighbour.

Mr. Aldworth was not behind hand in expressions of surprise, echoing their words as he conducted his guests to the eating-room—"Going to a small *dejeuné* at four o'clock, and coming home at night to dress for dinner! This beats all I have yet seen or heard since my return to this metamorphosed and sophisticated country!—Poor Shakespeare, or poor old England!—Either the first was wrong in making old Lear display his madness by talking of "supping in the morning," since that is now the universal custom with those of his countrymen who sup at all; or, what I rather suspect, (for Shakespeare is seldom in the wrong,) the words he puts into the mouth of the grave-digger in Hamlet are now strictly true, and all my countrymen are infected with the mania of the ancient British King."

These

These words brought him to the head of the table, where he seated himself, after placing Lady Eaglefield, whom he handed into the room, at his right hand.

CHAPTER XLI.

IT is observed by a modern medical writer*, that when the stomach is satisfied we are cheerful, alert, and lively; when the contrary, dull, heavy, and melancholy. The truth of this maxim began now to exemplify itself, and the good-humour of the whole party began to increase as they advanced in the progress of repletion; when, lo! with the second course arrived Sir Thomas and Lady Williams. This threw every thing into confusion. The fish and the venison were ordered to be warmed, while the hare and the pheasants, which

* Dr. Alexander Crichton.

were

were already brought in, in their turn grew cold. Apologies were abundantly made for want of punctuality, and occasioning their friends to wait; to which Mr. Aldworth replied, with a smile, (not emanating however from good-humour) "My worthy friends, there is no occasion for any apology on that head, for we did not wait a single moment. The instant the time of dinner arrives, if one of my expected guests is present, it punctually makes its appearance; and if that rule was universal, as no person is fond of eating their food cold, few would stay behind the appointed hour. As the greatest waste of time is that we squander in waiting for one another, I always abridge that period as much as possible; for, much as I dislike late hours, I would rather be invited at six, and dine exactly at that time, than come at three by appointment, and continue half an hour in attendance on people who are never able to snatch themselves in time from that great employment of their lives—doing nothing at all."

As

As these observations had no great tendency to put the company in good-humour with each other, the rest of the dinner-time passed in an awkward silence, which was only interrupted by the usual and necessary compliments of the table. But with the cloth, the sullen taciturnity was in some degree removed, though not entirely. When the ladies offered to retire, one of the gentlemen tried to detain them. He was not successful; and when they were gone, Mr. Aldworth again began to grumble. "It always happens," he said, "from what cause I am ignorant, that the mixture of the sexes after dinner in this country is never attended with any great hilarity. This cannot be imputed justly, though it is frequently, to grossness and vulgarity among the men, for it equally takes place in the most sober and most respectable societies; and when supper existed the direct reverse was the case after that truly cheerful repast: and of all the disagreeable circumstances that attend the modern hours, none is so much to be lamented, as their
having

having banished that repast from the board of all those who do not sit up the whole night, and sleep through half the day. In the course of moderate life, from the social intercourse of the table the ladies are banished; their enchanting conversation, their melodious voices in the pathetic and tender song, or joined with ours in the catch or the duet, is heard no more. We converse with them only at the card-table; we listen only to the execution of their fingers and the bravura of their voices—though of such performances if the difficulty is boasted of, we may possibly, with Dr. Johnson, express our wish that they had been impossible; and from this arid entertainment we retire supperless to bed, with a sonata in our ears, and four by honours or great Cassino before our eyes."

When Mr. Aldworth ceased, Sir Thomas Williams took up the conversation: "Our friend's strong predilection for former times and customs reminds me of a

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circumstance that happened in a company where I was present a few days ago. A dignified clergyman was describing a visit he had lately made to a place where he received the first rudiments of his education. He spoke with great pleasure of the sensations he felt at recalling the ideas of his childhood; and added, that he had the curiosity to taste one of the rolls dipped in treacle which he used to buy at the huckster's; but he found the art of preparing that savoury viand was quite lost, for they were by no means so well tasted as formerly.

Mr. Aldworth felt the full force of the reproof, but was not in the least offended. He allowed it was in some degree, but not altogether, just; and indeed he went so far as to say, that perhaps the clergyman might be in the right, and that both the roll and the treacle might be adulterated. But this producing a general smile, he desisted, and the conversation took the usual turn of farming, sporting, and politics; in which

which both Dr. Philpot and Sammy Hawthorn took their share, and displayed their information and eloquence.

From this—

“ This feast of reason, and this flow of soul,”

they adjourned to attend the ladies; for, as Mr. Aldworth had no female to preside at his house, he would not suffer them to wait long for their more temperate, though perhaps not much more salubrious beverage, or suffer them to take it by themselves. To the tea-table succeeded the card-table, and a bright moon just entered into its second quarter conducted them at nine o'clock to their respective habitations.

CHAPTER XLII.

ONE afternoon, as the family at Mr. Hawthorn's were assembled round the fire in the drawing-room, a carriage stopped at the door, and a servant came into the room, and informed them that Mr. Pearson was come to pay his compliments to them; and immediately after, a person about thirty entered, dressed in the highest, or perhaps we may add, in the most outrée mode of modern, dress I cannot call it, neither do I know any other name to give it, unless I am allowed to coin one, and call it, *Bond-streetism*; for in Bond-street, and

and the box-lobbies of the Theatres, it is the distinguishing habit of the most despicable race of unmannered and unmanly wretches that have ever disgraced any age and country; who, by their noise and their insolence, have induced the unfortunate women who haunt our streets and public places to add open drunkenness and impudence to the horrors of their otherwise pitiable situation; and whose highest triumph is, when, linked in each other's arms, with something like the hug of French fraternity, they drive every modest woman they meet into the kennel. They are peculiarly distinguished in the present day for their attachment to French principles, and by being the only persons who are not enrolled in some corps for the defence of their country, as a cockade is their aversion. It operates on them something as a cat does on those who have an antipathy to it; they not only dislike to wear it themselves, but are so much affected by seeing it on the hats of others, that it acts as an antidote even to their favourite

amusement—there being no instance of their pushing a lady from the pavement when accompanied by a man distinguished by this odious ornament.

As soon as this personage had made his compliments, and was seated, Miss Eaglefield cast her eye on her friend Lydia Hawthorn with a glance of sly curiosity, which will escape from the politest people on the first entrance of a ridiculous figure, by way of reading her opinion; when, to her great surprise, she saw her tremble and look pale, and betray every symptom of the strongest agitation, and in a few minutes leave the room.

Emilia was too deeply interested in the welfare of Miss Hawthorn to sit unconcerned at such an event. She immediately followed her to her room, and found her drowned in tears.

She used every effort in her power to console her. "After all my misery (cried the

the weeping young woman, the moment she recovered her voice), am I still to be persecuted? O Emilia, you know not my wretchedness. You have lost a lover (forgive me for recalling it to your recollection) whose memory you can reflect on with esteem and reverence; by the delicacy of Lord Montgomery, by the kind attentions of a mother and brother, you are freed from persecution. I, alas! am condemned to weep, not the death, but the crimes and infamy of the only man I ever loved or ever can love; and now, to complete my misfortunes, that horrid creature whom you have just seen, is again arrived to torture me with his shocking solicitations, backed by a fortune too alluring in the eyes of those on whom alone I depend for protection."

This sudden declaration excited both the pity and curiosity of Emilia Eaglefield: she tried to soothe the violence of her sorrow; and Lydia, after many a struggle, at

last began to unbosom herself to her kind consoler.

“ My dear Emilia (she said), the melancholy that has ever hung over me, I know, has not escaped your observation, though you have always been too generous to press an explanation that you saw me anxiously avoid ; for why should I wound the feelings of the gentle and the affectionate, by a recital of what would make them unhappy without relieving me ? I will now be selfish, and try to alleviate my own sorrows by communicating them to you.”

“ About three years ago I accompanied my aunt, with whom I then resided, to Weymouth. I there formed an acquaintance with a young man of agreeable figure, very pleasing manner, and, as I then thought, of excellent principles. We were frequently together, and he was very particular in his attentions to me. This produced an attachment warm and sincere on
my

my part, as I had every reason to suppose it was on his. During this happy interchange of what I thought mutual regard, for happy it seemed to me in the extreme, the gentleman you have just seen arrived at Weymouth. His appearance and equipage denoted a man of opulence, as indeed he is. He fixed his regards on me, and was listened to with pleasure by my aunt. To me he was particularly disagreeable, as well from the awkward conceit blended with ill-covered vulgarity that marked his behaviour, as my own decided partiality for——another”——(checking herself as she was on the point of mentioning his name.)

“ One morning as I was walking on the Esplanade, I saw the gentleman to whom I was attached in earnest conversation with a young woman plainly but neatly dressed. After a short though seemingly animated conversation, he turned hastily from her. The moment the intervening houses hid him from my view, she approached me,

and cried out with great agony of gesture, 'O villain! is this the return for my fond affection, for the sacrifice of character and virtue? But I will not complain; it is for Heaven to pity and avenge.'

"This, of course, excited my wonder. I went up to her, and inquired into the cause of her violent perturbation, and after much entreaty she told me her story. She said, she was a farmer's daughter, who lived in the neighbourhood of the young gentleman; that with much assiduity and many solemn promises of marriage he had seduced her—the consequences of which were very visible; that he had deserted her; that her parents had turned her out of doors; that she had followed him to Weymouth, but that he had absolutely refused to give her any assistance, though in the utmost distress for the means of support.

"I was greatly shocked at this story. I gave her what little relief was in my power, and

and determined on breaking off all connection with my unworthy lover. This was, however, effectually done by our sudden departure from Weymouth the next day. I wrote a few lines to him before my departure, upbraiding him with his cruel conduct to the young woman ; and after I had been returned to the country with my aunt about a fortnight, I received a letter from him, ridiculing what he termed my romantic notions, professing the most libertine principles, and assuring me that he felt no sort of uneasiness at my displeasure, as he had only attached himself to me by way of filling up his idle hours, neither my fortune nor my expectations being such as could engage his serious attention.

“ I confess this perfidy and indifference stung me to the heart. I was in hopes of receiving some justification for his conduct, and I anticipated his expressions of contrition for his cruelty to the object of his seduction, and his excuses for his action, from the latitude the world too

freely gives to young men in such pursuits—which, alas! I was but too ready to admit, for I found myself deeply interested in his favour. But his avowing and glorying in his guilt, and his expressions of contempt for me, petrified me with horror; for I could not divest myself of regard for him, though my better reason told me I ought to hate and despise him. To add to my misery, I heard soon after, that in attempting to carry off a young woman near the place where we then resided, he had been resisted by some of her relations, and dangerously wounded in the scuffle.

“From a man of such principles I could not but congratulate myself on my escape; but still my affections were engaged, and I felt myself completely wretched, despising myself for my unaccountable weakness, and imputing some degree of guilt to myself for not being able to hate the excess of it in another. Yet, when I recollected the unaffected tenderness of his manners during our acquaintance, the generosity

nerosity of principle and unaffected simplicity that shewed itself in all his actions as well as his conversation ; and above all, what I have ever been led to consider as the surest test of merit in a man, the avidity with which his company was sought by the most respectable of his own sex ; I could hardly bring myself to credit his unworthiness, though I had seen it with my own eyes, and had it confirmed under his own hand.

“To add to my distress, I was now persecuted by Mr. Pearson, who followed me to my aunt’s. From this, however, I was delivered, by being summoned to attend my father and mother to the Continent. But, alas ! from his arrival here, I fear it will be renewed ; and I dread the consequences when I consider his fortune, and the embarrassed state of my father’s circumstances.”

CHAPTER XLIII.

WHEN Miss Hawthorn had finished her narrative, the gentle Emilia mingled the tears of sympathy with hers, giving her at the same time every consolation in her power, and promising her every assistance that the friendship and influence of her mother and brother could afford, if she should be too hardly pressed in favour of Mr. Pearson.

The next day after that gentleman's arrival, Mr. Aldworth, with other company, dined with Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorn; and as the hour of dinner, in compliment to Mr. Aldworth, was fixed at three, and was punctually

punctually observed, the repast commenced with great good humour on all sides.

Mr. Pearson, however, did not appear till the dinner was far advanced, and apologized for his delay, from the long time his servant had been employed in dressing his hair.

"Heavens, Sir!" cried Mr. Aldworth, "can your hair, cropped as it is, and without powder, take up above three minutes in arranging?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," replied Mr. Pearson; "the hair takes up much more time now than when it was powdered and dressed with large curls. The combing, washing, and perfuming, and the nice arrangement of the locks on the cheek——"

"Locks do you call them?" muttered Aldworth; "we used to call them Jew's snips when I was a young man."—"Well, call them what you please," proceeded the other,

other, "to curl, friz, and arrange them properly, takes up a great deal of time; but the great work of all is disposing the curls on the head to produce the true Roman costumi——"

"I am no Italian, Sir," said Aldworth; "I understand English."

Pearson smiled, and went on:—"To arrange, I say, the different tiers of curls which produce the effect you see. Every single curl requires a particular attention, and produces a delay in the performance that is incalculable."

"To attempt to calculate such incalculability," said Mr. Aldworth, "would be a fit employment for those who are content to sacrifice so much time for so little effect. For my own part, though I am no friend to the laying aside all distinctions of dress, which is now so much the fashion, yet I did not totally dislike the mode of cutting the hair which now prevails in the country,

as

as I thought it freed the head from the operation of the hair-dresser, and enabled a man to dress himself entirely without applying for assistance to a servant—the only thing that the wig had formerly to recommend it. But I concluded the operation required no other labour than a frequent and effectual use of a small-toothed comb; and no other application than clear water, with the addition perhaps of a little lavender. But to consume so much time and trouble for the production of such a work as that, is perfectly ridiculous—It is the Mountain and the Mouse in the fable.”

“Why not then return to the wig?” said Mr. Pearson; “the ladies have set us the example.”—“And an abominable example it is,” cried Mr. Aldworth: “A wig for a woman who has any hair, no matter of what colour!—Powder was an abomination. It was an imitation of age and deformity; yet half an hour’s combing and two hours washing would restore the lovely tresses to their original beauty; but
once

once cut away to make room for a sportsman's bob, they are irrecoverably gone. I am not surprised at a woman's painting, it is an attempt to imitate a beauty; but to copy the decay of age, it is the extreme of folly and absurdity."

In the heat of Mr. Aldworth's argument, the tail of his wig (for he wore a wig with a pig-tail behind, though it resembled a tie-wig in front) hitched in the back of his chair; and as he leaned earnestly forward the wig came off, and discovered a quantity of grey hair under it, (except in the front, which was bald,) that might have afforded ample employment to the friseur. This produced a laugh of triumph from Pearson, which was seconded in spite of every effort of politeness, in some degree, by the whole room. Aldworth was a little distressed at this; and perceiving Miss Primrose, a maiden lady of about five-and-forty, with a beautiful assemblage of auburn locks round her forehead, taking the lead in the laugh, he offered

ferred a bet, that she could not produce more or better coloured locks than himself. The lady did not accept the challenge. But Mrs. Hawthorn making a motion for the ladies to retire, and Sammy opening the door for their exit, Miss Primrose's tête hitching against one of his buttons, as he held the door in his hand, shewed Aldworth would have won his wager, as her head was either closely shaved or totally bald.

As soon as the ladies were retired, Pearson began a kind of common-place satire on the follies and affectations of women, chiefly by way of ingratiating himself with Aldworth, of whose keen observations he began to stand in awe. But here he was instantly interrupted by the eccentric humourist. "I will allow," said he, "that women are often capricious and absurd; but are not we more so? And do not we carry them to more fatal excess? It is not in the artificial manners of polished society that the true disposition of human nature is
to

to be traced. Women, whose whole education is calculated to make them capricious and absurd, will be so, or much time and trouble has been thrown away upon them to no purpose. But let any man who has had occasion to apply to that sex for essential assistance, whether in the character of mother, sister, wife, mistress, or friend; whether to be directed in his road, or to receive shelter from a shower in the lower walks of civilized life, or to be housed and protected by the uncivilized savage; if such has ever been his lot, let him lay his hand on his heart, and, if he dare, give the preference to the generosity and humanity of his own sex."

"This reminds me," said Sir Edward Eaglefield, "of a sentiment in one of our old comedies—"

"Damn your old comedies, or rather the modern mode of exhibitary," exclaimed Aldworth, who was now elevated a little both with wine and argument, and was
ready

ready to dispute on any thing ; “ it is impossible to fit out an old comedy, as they are now acted, with any common degree of patience. What should we say, if Coriolanus was to appear in the regimentals of the guards, and the tribunes adorned with the insignia of the London sheriffs ? And yet this would not be more out of character, or, to explain myself to Mr. Pearson, costumi, than seeing Mirabel in *The Way of the World* dressed like a Bond-street crop ; and as such is the modern theatrical dress, and as few old comedies are without an extempore duel, when such a scene is represented, the combatants (Bellamy and Frankly for instance, in *The Suspicious Husband*) are armed for the occasion with swords exactly as much in unison with the dress they wear, as a firelock and bayonet would be with the dress of *Cymbeline* or *King Lear*.”

CHAPTER XLIV.

How far this dramatic dissertation might have extended, it is impossible to say. But in a short pause of the harangue, Sammy Hawthorn proposed ringing the bell for candles, observing at the same time that the days were *surprisingly* shortened.

“*Surprisingly* shortened!” said Mr. Barnwell, a young Cantab just entered at the Temple, who, full of the favourite learning of both those seminaries, would admit of no position that could not be confirmed by mathematical demonstration or legal authority, and whose usual answer to every assertion

assertion was, Prove it! “*Surprisingly* shortened, indeed! Surely there is nothing very surprising in the sun’s setting at the same time on this day as he has on the same day of the month ever since the beginning of time?”

This argument was beyond Sammy, and he looked confused, and sat silent under the reproof; till Mr. Bampton, a young Oxford clergyman, as fond of logic as the other was of mathematics, took up the cudgels, and said to the Cantab, “How are you sure, Sir, it has been so from the beginning of time?”—“From my own experience,” said Barnwell, “and the testimony of all ages to the unaltered laws of nature which govern the universe.”

Bampton—(for, to avoid the repetition of ‘said he,’ we will put the dialogue in the dramatic form,—“Pray, are not days of equal distance from the solstice, whether before or after, of equal length?”

Barnwell.

Barnwell. "Undoubtedly they are."

Bampton. "Do not you remember, that on the twentieth of February—the day is remarkable, as being the last day the hounds went out last season—as we were digging a fox, Salisbury clock struck a quarter after five just as the sun was setting; when one of the sportsmen observing, that the days were surprisingly lengthened, you made the same remark on the expression that you did just now?"

Barnwell. "I remember it very well."

Bampton. "Look at your watch, and tell me what it is o'clock now."

Barnwell. "It is exactly five minutes after five."

Bampton. "Are you sure you are right?"

Barnwell. "Yes, I set my watch by Salisbury Cathedral this morning."

Bampton. "And yet, though it is a clear evening, it is now so dark that we cannot see without candles. Now, as this is the twentieth of October, when the days
are

are exactly the same length as they are the twentieth of February, how does it happen that we are quite in the dark at five minutes after five, when on the last named day the sun was just setting at a quarter after five?"

Barnwell. "I own I cannot account for it."

Bampton. "That is an extraordinary acknowledgment from a member of the college that produced Sir Isaac Newton! But you will then doubtless allow, that the days are *surprisingly* shortened, and not laugh at others for wondering at a circumstance which appears, according to your own position, to contradict the unalterable laws that regulate the universe."

Here the triumphant Bampton ceased; but as all the company expressed their surprise at the fact, and wished him if he could to explain it, he again proceeded:

"The difference in the apparent length of the days before and after the winter,

was always matter of surprise to me, and it was particularly impressed on my mind by the evening prayers of the college to which I belonged at Oxford, which began at four. During all the latter part of November we were obliged to have candles in the chapel; but on my returning to College after the Christmas vacation, which was usually about the twentieth of January, the whole service was performed by day-light; and on investigating the cause I found it proceeded from the equation of time. On the twentieth of October, and the twentieth of February, the sun really sets at nearly the same hour, about eight minutes after five. But as our hours are regulated by the clock, and the clock in February is a quarter of an hour faster, and in October a quarter of an hour slower, than the sun, there will be the apparent difference of half an hour in the length of the days. This will be exactly reversed in the morning."

"True," said Mr. Aldworth: "but what gentleman now sees the sun rise in a morning,

ing, when even fox-hunting is become an evening amusement?"

"Why, many a gentleman," replied Sir Edward; "for, according to your own observation the other day, though fox-hunting may be an evening amusement, supper is become a morning one!"

"True," said Mr. Aldworth: "but what

gentleman now sees the sun rise in a morn-

CHAPTER XLV.

AS poor Lydia had supposed, Pearson renewed his pretensions to her, and the persecution against her was carried on with unremitting zeal by every part of her own family, except Sammy, who though unpollished was good-natured, and very fond of his sister. As her persecuting lover (if I may so profane that word) imputed the aversion of Lydia to her former attachment to an unworthy object, she was constantly upbraided with it; which added in no trifling degree to her distress. Her only consolation was from the Eaglefield family,

family, who were perpetually forwarding schemes to divert her melancholy, though their parties were generally clouded by the gloom of Mr. Pearson's presence.

CHAPTER XLV.

But one day, when that gentleman happened to be otherwise engaged, Sir Edward and Sammy attended Miss Eaglefield and Miss Hawthorn in a morning walk to Mr. Aldworth's. Just as they were preparing to return, it began to rain violently; and after they had waited some time for its abating, perceiving it set in for a wet day, and the hour of Mr. Aldworth's dinner arriving, they accepted his hearty invitation to stay; and one of his servants was dispatched to Mr. Hawthorn's to inform the family of it, and to desire that the carriage might be sent for them in the evening.

The only other persons who dined there were Dr. Philpot, his wife, and his daughter, a pert miss just come from the boarding-school,

school, between whom and Sammy there soon commenced a flirtation.

As soon as the cloth was removed, and the wine and fruit placed on the table, young Hawthorn began to display his gallantry by cracking and peeling walnuts for Miss Philpot. In vain she protested that half the pleasure she had in eating them proceeded from her taking that employment on herself; he persisted in his operations, notwithstanding all her remonstrances, which were rather strongly expressed; and having filled a wine glass with the fruits of his labour, he presented them to the fair nymph, who immediately threw them into the fire, and, taking the crackers which he had hitherto monopolised, began to exercise them. This folly of ridiculous petulance, which her mother thought an indication of wit and spirit, and the rest of the company ill temper and impertinence, (except Dr. Philpot, who never thought at all,) disconcerted the young

young man so much, that he sat without uttering a word.

At this instant a servant came in to say, that a country fellow had killed a fox, and desired Mr. Aldworth would give an order to the overseers to pay the reward allowed by the parish. "Tell him," said Mr. Aldworth, "to go to Sir Thomas Quickset, and he will reward him handsomely for his pains."—"Reward him handsomely!" cried Sammy, "more likely order him to be ducked in the horse-pond."—"Why, does not he keep fox-hounds," said Aldworth, "at an enormous expence, solely for the destruction of those vermin? and consequently will he not be much obliged to any body who will assist him by taking the trouble off his hands?" "No, to be sure," cried the other, who not being versed in the Socratic mode of argument could not perceive the tendency of the question, and the consequence of his own answer; "Sir Thomas keeps hounds

for the pleasure of hunting, and not to destroy foxes. I dare say, for every one he kills he turns out two; he would sooner forgive a man for stealing one of his cows than for shooting a fox." — "Then, perhaps," said Aldworth, "Miss Philpot may like the cracking and peeling the walnuts as well as Sir Thomas does the fox-chace, and was no more obliged to you for taking that amusement off her hands, than he would be to this honest fellow for killing a fox."

Whether the force of this was felt or comprehended by the person to whom it was directed is not quite certain; but it raised a smile from the rest of the company, and added to the triumph of Miss Philpot and her mother, who in truth did not want an additional laurel to increase their exultation over the vanquished Sammy.

Soon after the general adjournment from the dining parlour to the drawing room, a carriage

carriage stopped suddenly at the door, and a servant came in hastily to inform Mr. Aldworth, that two gentlemen in a post-chaise wished to speak immediately with the master of the house.

Whether the force of this was felt or comprehended by the person to whom it was directed is not quite certain; but it failed to strike from the rest of the company, and added to the triumph of Miss Philip and her mother, who in truth did not want an additional laurel to increase their exultation over the vanquished Sammy.

Soon after the general adjournment from the dining parlour to the drawing room, a carriage

CHAPTER XLVI.

MR. Aldworth immediately hastened to the door, and desired the strangers to walk in: but they said they only requested the assistance of some servants with lights; that they had been attacked by robbers, on whom they had fired, and saw one fall, and were desirous of securing him if alive before he was carried off by his companions.

Lanterns were immediately procured from every quarter, and all the male part of the family accompanied the travellers in search of the wounded man, whom they discovered lying on the ground about a quarter

quarter of a mile from the house. He complained of being in great pain, and earnestly implored mercy and assistance, and was carried by the servants to the house, being too ill to answer any questions then.

To the house also the gentlemen now returned, and, accepting the hospitable invitation of Mr. Aldworth, went in, resolving to wait the opinion of a surgeon, who was sent for, on the state of the wounded robber, and to endeavour if possible to find out his accomplices.

As soon as the confusion had subsided, and the company had leisure to survey each other, Sir Edward Eaglefield recognised Lord Montgomery in one of the strangers; and they both expressed mutual satisfaction at this unexpected meeting, in circumstances so much resembling those which first introduced them to each other in Switzerland.

Lord Montgomery now informed him, that he was accidentally passing that way in his road to his house in Dorsetshire, when they were attacked by footpads—the consequence of which they had just seen.

Lord Montgomery and his friend were now shewn into the drawing-room, where the ladies were sitting in anxious expectation of hearing the particulars of an event of which they had been informed by various different envoys from the servants-hall, and which was related by every one in a different manner.

Lord Montgomery saluted Miss Hawthorn with politeness and cordiality. His interview with Miss Eaglefield was attended with some embarrassment on both sides; but as soon as Miss Hawthorn cast her eye on his friend, she gave a sudden shriek, and would have sunk to the ground had she not been caught by Sir Edward.

The

The whole house was instantly in an alarm, and Miss Hawthorn was conducted to an apartment attended by the ladies, and by the assistance of Hawthorn and water recovered herself in some degree; but she threw her eyes wildly round the room, as if in search of some object she could not find, and then, fixing them earnestly on Emilia, burst into tears, which gave her some relief.

She now told Miss Eaglefield in a whisper, that she wished to be left only with her, as there was something of consequence she was anxious to impart. With great difficulty therefore Mrs. and Miss Philpot, and all the female servants in the house, from the house-keeper to the kitchen-maid, whom curiosity had assembled, were persuaded to depart.

As soon as the two friends were alone, Lydia began thus: "O my dear Emilia, you will not wonder at the emotion I betrayed, when I tell you, that young stranger,

ger,

ger, who came in with Lord Montgomery, is the person with whose perfidy and cruelty I have already acquainted you. How he should come hither, and in Lord Montgomery's company, is a mystery. Surely, if he is a friend of that excellent young nobleman, he cannot be so bad as he has appeared, or he must be a consummate hypocrite indeed."

In the mean time the passions of Captain Hamilton were not less agitated; for it was he who accompanied Lord Montgomery, by whose interest, or rather by his own services properly represented, he had obtained a company. The violence with which they were both affected forcibly struck Lord Montgomery; and instantly rousing his friend from the deep reverie in which he was immersed, he asked him the cause of his violent confusion. He had been already acquainted of the story of Captain Hamilton, and it was with the greatest astonishment he now learned that Lydia Hawthorn was the fair incognita
who

who had first attached him and then forsaken him at Weymouth; for he had carefully concealed her name from him, as he had before from Henry Beverley.

The surgeon now arrived; and on examining the wounds of the robber, he declared him to be in great danger—a declaration which, prudence would have suggested, should not have been made in the presence of his patient, and which threw the poor wretch into violent fits of trembling. The memory of a life spent almost entirely in vice and debauchery, and supported by continual acts of depredation and cruelty on his fellow-creatures, afforded no consolation to the approaching hour of dissolution, and he earnestly requested, after his wound was dressed, to have the assistance of a clergyman; which desire was immediately complied with, and, the surgeon coming down, Dr. Philpot succeeded him in the supposed dying man's chamber.

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On the surgeon's entering the room, he was earnestly questioned on the situation and case of his patient, which he explained at large with much exuberance of scientific language, by which, though he thought to display his own extensive learning, he rather puzzled than informed his auditors; not even excepting Lord Montgometry, though not unskilled either in the technical phrases of the medical profession, or the language from which they are chiefly derived: but many of his expressions could not be found in any Greek Lexicon or English Cyclopædia.

This instructive harangue was interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Philpot, who declared, that the man above stairs was delirious; and he expressed no small indignation at being sent up to pray by a person in that situation. This brought on the retort courteous from the other Doctor; for so he was called by the whole neighbourhood, as he united the three professions

sions of surgery, pharmacy, and midwifery.

But here let not any censure be generally levelled at the very respectable practitioners in this line, who are settled in most of our considerable market-towns. Ignorance and quackery are as often found in the gilt chariot of a London physician, as on the sober steed of a country surgeon and apothecary. Both situations are sometimes adorned by the most improved abilities, and sometimes degraded by the most conceited folly. But though classical acquirements are a great ornament to the learned physician, and among what description of men shall we find more elegant scholars? yet their medical use is very trifling. Those persons, therefore, who with equal talents have the most extensive practice, are likely to be most expert in their profession.

After some altercation, the surgeon asked the divine, what symptoms of delirium his patient had betrayed?

“ Symp-

"Symptoms, Sir," said Dr. Philpot, "of the most alarming kind; he would not hear a word of what I was going to read!"

"To read!" cried the other; "did you begin by reading?"

"To be sure," replied Dr. Philpot; "but why do you interrupt me in my discourse? I think you are as delirious as your patient—I protest you have broken the thread of my narration. Let me consider: where did I leave off? I believe I had better begin *de novo*. Well; I no sooner began to read the office for the sick, than he began raving; he talked something like verse, and I believe he took me for you—for he asked me, if I could cleanse his foul stomach of some stuff that hung about him. And when I desired to know if I should send you up to give him a vomit, he began raving about somebody he called the villain Pearson, and a Mr. Hamilton."

Impatience and amazement flashed from the eyes of Captain Hamilton at these words;

words; and he would have rushed eagerly up stairs, had he not been held by his friend. And both the doctors were firmly convinced, without any difference of opinion, that they had another madman to deal with.

Impatience and amazement flashed from the eyes of Captain Hamilton at these words:

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XLVII.

CAPTAIN Hamilton was so violently affected by what he had heard, that it was some time before he could be persuaded not to go precipitately into the room of the wounded robber. But when the first ebullition of his passions was abated, he thanked his friends for their interference, as his abruptly breaking in upon a man in his situation might have had fatal consequences. But he expressed his most earnest wish to have an interview with him before witnesses, as he said, turning to Lord Montgomery, that he was convinced, from what

what Dr. Philpot had related, it was in his power to unravel the mystery of his fate.

Lord Montgomery immediately offered his services to investigate the state of the robber's intellects, and went up stairs for that purpose, unaccompanied, at his own desire, by either the surgeon or Dr. Philpot. Though he had no great medical knowledge, he soon perceived that he was not in so much danger as the one had asserted, nor was his mind so much deranged as had been reported by the other, and that the appearance of both was chiefly derived from a dread occasioned by the hasty declaration of the surgeon, and increased by something that seemed to press on his mind.

Lord Montgomery endeavoured to calm him sufficiently to enter into some detail of the events, the mere hint of which had so greatly affected Captain Hamilton; and to do this he gave him some better hopes of safety, but told him, at the same time, the

the only chance he had of escaping punishment from the law, in case he should recover from his wounds, depended on his making a full confession of every thing he knew relative to that gentleman.

This he faithfully promised; and Captain Hamilton, Mr. Aldworth, and the two Doctors being admitted, the following narrative was taken down from the mouth of the robber:

"I was bred up to the law, and consequently received the rudiments of a good education till I was of a proper age to commence my clerkship, when I was put into the office of an eminent attorney, where I formed an acquaintance with a young man in the same situation, of the name of Pearson.

"We frequently neglected the business of our master, to amuse ourselves with the pleasures of the town; but though Pearson and I were intimate friends, our manners

ners and amusements were very different.

While I entirely neglected the study of my profession, he was very diligent in acquiring those parts of it, which, in the hands of the selfish and the cunning, often convert the noblest fabric of jurisprudence in the world into a system of iniquity.—

While my pleasures led me to the tavern or the theatre, his were solely occupied by the gaming-table; and whenever I was tempted to accompany him to that temple of ruin, I always lost, and he constantly won.

While we were in this career, my companion was drawn from his situation by a large fortune left him by a distant relation, and I did not see him for several years, till I met him by accident at Weymouth, when I was in a state of the most abject penury, the consequence of my dissipation and extravagance, and on the point of escaping from my wants and my creditors

creditors by enlisting for a soldier in a regiment under orders for foreign service.

“ Happy had it been for me, had I put my plan in execution. But walking one morning on the beach, I unfortunately met my old companion in all the gaiety and splendour of prosperity. I bowed to him as he passed, with that distant respect with which a man without self-support from his own integrity will always address those from whom he wishes assistance.

“ My respectful approach was at first received with neglect; but as soon as he recognised my features, I was most pleasingly astonished by his advancing to me with the smile of complacency, and acknowledging me as an old acquaintance.

“ I soon explained to him my distressed situation, and the resolution I had taken to extricate myself from it. He laughed at what he called my quixotism, and assured me

me there were securer and more certain roads to competence than exposing my life to a bullet; that if I would call at his lodgings in the evening, he would give me some hints that might be serviceable to me; and putting a card with his address and a five pound bank-note into my hand, he left me.

“I was punctual to the appointment. After a short preface, he told me he had a business of some consequence on which he wished to employ me, which required diligence, contrivance, and resolution; and as I did not conceive myself deficient in any of these qualities, I readily undertook the commission. He then told me, there was a young man who was his rival, and whom he wished to depreciate in the opinion of the lady, and desired I would assist him in discovering and employing the means. I saw through the pretence, as indeed he was certain I would, (for we perfectly, though tacitly, understood each other,) when he added, that it would be

for the advantage of the lady, as her favourite was poor and unprincipled. I knew that his only motive was the gratification of his own wishes, and he knew that my poverty, and my love of indolence and vicious enjoyment, would make me a ready agent in any villainy he might propose.

“ The first of my operations was to employ a young woman of abandoned principles, but of decent appearance, to meet his rival on the public walk at a time when he knew the young lady would soon join him. The scheme was crowned with complete success. The artful tale of distress engaged the attention of the young gentleman so much, that he listened to her with great interest; and on his quitting her, which was not till the lady had witnessed their interview, she told such an artful story of his perfidy and ill-treatment of her, as, together with a feigned appearance of pregnancy, had an obvious tendency to lessen him in her esteem.

“ In

“ In the mean time Mr. Pearson was not idle ; he infused such an opinion of the young gentleman into the ears of the young lady’s aunt, that she was determined to remove her from Weymouth the next morning, before she could have any further conversation with Mr. Hamilton.”

Though Captain Hamilton was from the beginning certain that the robber was relating his history, he could not avoid a violent exclamation on hearing himself named. This naturally drew the particular attention of the man to the place where he sat ; and instantly recollecting his person, he was seized with such a dreadful fit of trembling, that he was unable to go on for some time : but being encouraged by the assurance of pardon from the person he had so cruelly injured, and recruited with a glass of Madeira, which was administered to him by the prescription of Lord Montgomery, in direct opposition to the opinion of the surgeon, who was preparing to open a vein, he was enabled to proceed.

Dr. Philpot, however, thought the Earl's prescription so much better than the medical practitioner's, that he desired to partake of the same draught—declaring at the same time, that he thought listening almost as great a fatigue as preaching; a sentiment which, perhaps, would not have been contradicted by many of his congregation.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"MY next employment," said the wounded man, continuing his narrative, "was to watch every avenue where the young lady lodged, so that no letter could be conveyed to her before she quitted Weymouth.

"I performed this so dexterously, that, by bribing a chairman, I intercepted a note directed to Mr. Hamilton, and brought it to my employer. In the next act of deception he was himself the principal performer.

“ He was well acquainted with the hand-writing of Mr. Hamilton, by means of a young man who had received several notes of common civility from him, and which he easily obtained on frivolous pretences; and he had now a specimen of the lady's writing. He therefore sat down to imitate both—a qualification in which he was no mean proficient; and which possibly might have led him into some danger, had not his unexpected affluence induced him rather to employ it against the happiness and characters of his fellow-creatures than their property.

“ By the exercise of this talent, he forged letters between the separated lovers, whose tendency was to injure them in the opinion of each other. The effect of the first received by that gentleman (pointing to Captain Hamilton), he well knows, was to precipitate him after the object of his love; but he does not know that I was employed to head the band of ruffians who were to murder him, while he was waiting
for

for an opportunity to gain an interview with her—which hellish design—”

“Do not swear, young man,” said Dr. Philpot; “it is very improper in your situation.”

“It will irritate your fever,” said the medical Doctor, “and probably hasten your dissolution.”

“Well, then,” continued the man, “if you like it better, in this damnable design we were happily, I now sincerely say, interrupted by some country fellows who were passing by—not that they were formidable, but guilt is always fearful.

“But though our hands were prevented, our pens and our tongues were not idle. By the assistance of the same female associate I have already mentioned, while Mr. Hamilton was confined by the wounds I and my accomplices had given him, a report was spread most injurious to his character. It was given out, that he had re-

ceived those wounds, which were inflicted on him by the arm of premeditated villainy, in an attempt to violate innocence and infringe the laws of hospitality.

“ Whatever the consequences may have been to him, and alas ! perhaps, they are irreparable, I have only to lament them with the sincerest repentance, and I implore his pardon with the deepest contrition. For myself, the moment I ceased to be an useful instrument in the hands of my employer, I became the object not of his neglect, but of his detestation. Knowing me capable of betraying his actions, and marking him out as a subject of infamy, and as a victim of justice, he spared no means to ruin me effectually. With virtue and prudence, I might have resisted and triumphed ; but I possessed neither. I was soon overwhelmed with poverty and misery ; and being incapable of proper exertion to extricate myself, I had recourse to that mode of life which has placed me in
the

the lamentable state in which you now see me."

"Perhaps," said Lord Montgomery, "from this very state you may be restored to greater comfort than you have ever yet enjoyed. You have cleared up a scene of mystery that has involved Captain Hamilton in the deepest distress; and I am sure he will forgive the wounds you once inflicted on his body, in consideration of the medicine you have now administered to his mind. Compose yourself now to rest; for, with all possible deference to the medical abilities of this gentleman, I assure you there is nothing to be apprehended from your wound; and my word is already passed for no proceeding against you in a legal way, as you have fulfilled the conditions on which that word was given; on a further promise, however, of your furnishing us with all the means in your power to discover your accomplices."

CHAPTER XLIX.

THEY now all left the room of the wounded man. A confused rumour of what had passed reached the apartment into which the two young ladies had retired; and Emilia, at the request of her friend, went to inquire the particulars.

She immediately desired an interview with her brother; and the instant she was acquainted with the wonderful eclaircissement, she flew on the wings of friendship and benevolence to communicate it to Lydia: but she broke the glad tidings to her cautiously, lest excess of joy might be fatal

fatal to a mind that had been so long a prey to melancholy.

To describe the delicate attention of female friendship, and the gradual transition of female sensibility from the deepest woe to the highest pitch of felicity, could only be pourtrayed by a female pen in the hand of a Smith or a Radcliffe: our coarser painting is unequal to the task. Suffice it to say, that Emilia saw, for the first time, a ray of real satisfaction steal over the features of her amiable friend; she saw it, she felt it with unfeigned, with ardent joy; the tear of sympathy stood in her eye, and her heart exulted in the happiness of Lydia, though it whispered in a sigh, "Alas, I am miserable!"

Mr. Hawthorn's coach now arrived to carry home Sir Edward Eaglefield, Sammy, and the two ladies. Mr. Pearson, who had been prevented from joining the party in their morning walk, was resolved to

partake of the evening drive, though at the inconvenience of making a fifth in the coach, and accordingly had come alone for the sake of returning in their company.

No sooner was he announced by name, than the fire of indignation darted from the eyes of Captain Hamilton; whose person no sooner caught the observation of Pearson than he was petrified with terror, and would fain have made a precipitate retreat.

“ As when some peasant in a bushy brake
Has with unwary footing press'd a snake,
He starts aside astonish'd when he spies
His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes.—
In vain—”

For the indignant soldier, seizing him by the collar with one hand, and grasping a cudgel in the other, began to discipline his shoulders and back with great activity and perseverance. But as Dryden's Virgil has furnished us with one description,
Pope's

Pope's Homer, with a very slight alteration, shall supply us with another—

“— Cowering as the dastard bends,
The weighty cudgel on his back descends ;
Beneath each blow the bloody tumours rise,
The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes :
Trembling he stood, and, shrunk in abject fears,
From his vile visage wiped the scalding tears.”

Pearson was in hopes that some of the company would have interfered. But when he found that none of them were in the least inclined to take his part, he began to sue for mercy in the most abject manner. An overthrown and supplicating enemy arrested the arm of Captain Hamilton in a moment ; for he was a British soldier. “ Go, monster of iniquity and cowardice,” exclaimed the injured but generous youth ; “ though you merit the severest punishment, it is a disgrace to me to inflict it. Begone, and your own conscience be your tormentor.”

Pearson wanted no second admonition to depart. Without looking for his hat,
which

which had been thrown down in the scuffle, he sallied out in the rain, which still continued, and never stopped to take leave of his friends at Mr. Hawthorn's—but ran on foot to Salisbury, about two miles distant, ordered a post-chaise, and proceeded directly to London.

The noise brought the young ladies into the room. In a moment Captain Hamilton was at the feet of the lovely and trembling Lydia, and, seizing her hand, covered it with kisses and tears of joy.—And it is presumed the company were as much pleased with this as with the former rencounter; for they shewed no inclination to interfere, till a gentle rebuke from the lady put a stop to the rapturous effusions of the gentleman, and he retired with all the delicacy that ever accompanies true affection:—yet they both betrayed their mutual regard—

“ By kind and cordial looks,
And fond assiduous care to please each other*.”

* Thomson.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER L.

SAMMY HAWTHORN saw something shine on the floor, and picking it up perceived it was a locket, which he naturally supposed belonged to Captain Hamilton.—Presenting it therefore to him, he said, “Captain, here is a neat little article which I suppose you dropped while you were giving Pearson such a dusting.”

Captain Hamilton received it with many thanks. “Indeed,” said he, “it does belong to me ; I would not have lost it for the world. My mother tied it round my neck

neck a short time before she died, saying, it contained the hair of a brother whom she sincerely loved, but who went abroad when she was very young, and had not been heard of for several years."

As this account excited the curiosity of every one, the trinket was handed round. But the moment it came to Mr. Aldworth, he looked earnestly at it, and then exclaimed with great vehemence, "Heavens, what do I feel! Tell me, dear Sir, tell me instantly, what was your mother's maiden name?" "Caroline Delaval," said Captain Hamilton. "Then she was my sister," continued Mr. Aldworth, "the daughter of my mother by a second marriage—the only relative or connexion I had when I left England, and whom I have sought for in vain since my return, having never been able to trace any account of her till this moment. Mysterious Providence, who can relieve our sorrows when we least expect it, and by the most wonderful

derful means! Yes, I gave this locket filled with my own hair to the dear girl, the darling then of my heart, and just twelve years of age, a few days only before I embarked for the East. All-gracious Heaven has now raised up a son to me in her offspring. I shall not now die a solitary wretch, and leave to strangers an affluent fortune acquired by long toil and industry, but without one guilty reflection to embitter the possession of it.—Come to my arms, my more than son, the son of my beloved, my lamented Caroline!" Here he eagerly grasped the hand of Captain Hamilton, while tears of pleasure streamed down those cheeks which had long been strangers to the melting effusions of sensibility; neither was the young man less affected with the unexpected meeting of so near a relation.

Mr. Aldworth was now made acquainted with every circumstance of Captain Hamilton's life; during the recital of which he betrayed many symptoms of
anger,

anger, and declared, if he had known so much of Pearson's conduct before, he should have been refreshed after his beating by a bathing in his horse-pond. And indeed he was going to take measures to enforce his kind intentions, by sending some of his servants in pursuit, had he not been over-ruled by the persuasions of the rest of the company.

The mind of Lydia also underwent several changes during the narrative, which were by no means concealed in the expression of her countenance; and when the conclusion afforded a complete justification of her lover's conduct,

"The pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so divinely wrought,
That one might almost swear her body thought."

As the evening advanced, it was proposed to return: but Mr. Aldworth would not suffer any of the party to leave him before supper; and while they were sitting round

round the table in the highest good-humour with themselves and every thing about them, he could not help saying with some degree of exultation, "Is not this better than scrambling for sandwiches on a bare table without cloth or elbow-room, and mixing cold fowl, anchovies, cheese, and apple-pie together on one plate?"

To this question, as no negative was given, most likely they all assented. The hour now approached for moving. Mr. Aldworth led Miss Eaglefield to the coach, and his nephew conducted the blushing Lydia Hawthorn; but as soon as Emilia was seated in the carriage, Mr. Aldworth, taking Lydia from Capt. Hamilton, placed her also, saying, at the same time holding the hands of both, "Though I now part you, I will take care no other person shall do it henceforward." This produced an eager squeeze of grateful acknowledgment from his nephew, and a gentle pressure from the delicate fingers of Lydia.

The

The four visitors now returned to Mr. Hawthorn's, and Lord Montgomery and Capt. Hamilton remained with Mr. Aldworth.

The whole party during this short journey were select; except Sammy, whose natural volubility of tongue was rather increased by deep potations of Mr. Aldworth's punch. But as his conversation, or rather his soliloquy, was not very interesting, we do not deem it necessary to record it.

CHAPTER LI.

EARLY in the next morning Mr. Aldworth and his guests went to visit the family of the Hawthorns; where the unexpected discovery of Captain Hamilton being Mr. Aldworth's nephew, and the complete vindication of his character from the cloud in which it had been enveloped by the complicated villainy of Pearson, occupied the conversation.

Mr. Aldworth soon requested a private interview with Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorn, and immediately proceeded to fulfil the promise he had made to the young people
the

the evening before at parting, by proposing a union between his nephew and Miss Hawthorn, offering at the same time to settle a considerable part of his fortune on their marriage.

To this offer, Mr. Hawthorn replied, he could have no objection, and declared his readiness to charge his estate after his decease with a proper provision for his daughter—but declared at the same time, that the embarrassed situation of his affairs rendered it absolutely impossible for him to give her any fortune during his lifetime—as, his estate being strictly settled, he had been under the necessity of granting annuities to extricate himself from some pressing emergencies which had very much narrowed his income.

To this declaration, which something resembled the condition with which Justice Woodcock gives his daughter to Eustace, “Not a penny till I die,” Mr. Aldworth generously answered, that his own fortune
was

was greatly above his mode of living, and he would readily part with so much of it immediately, as would enable the young people to live with comfort and gentility, provided Mr. Hawthorn made a reasonable settlement on his daughter after his decease. This proposal was immediately accepted; and the preliminaries being adjusted were communicated to the lovers, who received the news with the warmest effusions of gratitude and joy.

To the expressive acknowledgments of his nephew, Mr. Aldworth made this answer:—"I am more obliged to Providence for having given me the means of contributing to the happiness of the son of my Caroline, than you can be to me or to any human being. But remember, young man, your union with a lovely woman, and the prospect of farther endearing connections, give you a greater interest in the welfare of the society that protects you. The solitary being who has no peculiar attachments, such as I was till yesterday, will, from
prin-

principle and the point of honour, respect the constitution of his country; but he cannot feel the same gratitude for the protection that secures to him only a comfortless existence, as the man does who has objects of regard dearer than himself. The storm of sedition sounds dreadful indeed to him who has a wife and children. The husband and the father have a deep stake in the welfare of their country; they have given pledges for their loyalty, taking that word in its most comprehensive sense. I am enlarging too much—old men will talk, especially when their hearts are full. But, young soldier, for as such I now address you, you must not think of quitting a profession, on which the safety of your country depends, at a crisis like this. God forbid that the amiable Lydia should mourn your fall! But that is in the hand of Heaven. It is in your own that she shall not lament your dishonour.”

Here Emilia Eaglefield quitted the room, and her fair friend followed her. Captain
Hamilton

Hamilton interrupting his uncle exclaimed, "Dear Sir, what do you take me for? Have a better opinion of your newly adopted son. The safety of my Sovereign and my Country (they never can be divided without ruin to both) demand my sword, and I have an arm to wield it."—"Enough," said Aldworth: "you are a glorious boy, and I hope to live to see you a General: and yet, perhaps, you think that an unreasonable wish?"—"You know that he does not think so," said Lord Montgomery.—"I do, indeed," said Aldworth; "and I shall ever have a high respect for your Lordship for seeing it, and saying it."

CHAPTER LII.

THE gentlemen from Mr. Aldworth's passed the whole day with Mr. Hawthorn. Dinner was ordered at an early hour in compliance with the taste of Mr. Aldworth, and to fill up the intervening time a walk in the fields was proposed.

It was late in the month of October. A fine summer had been succeeded by a warm and dry autumn. The soil being a gravel, the paths were not wet from the showers of the preceding day. The pastures had the verdure of spring rendered more vivid by the recent rain, which stand-
ing

ing in globules on the grass glittered in the sun. The woods, not yet disrobed of their foliage by frost or ungenial blasts, only shewed the gradual effect of the declining year by the display of a thousand various hues, from the deep crimson of the maple to the pale yellow of its kindred sycamore; while the English oak, still preserving the vivid green of summer, formed a striking contrast to the dark branches of the Scots fir, which alike in all seasons chastises the gorgeous scenery of June, and enlivens the dreary and naked forests of December. The ether was of a clear deep azure, that seldom tinges the summer sky; and the meridian sun, receding further from the zenith as it approached the winter solstice, caused every object to give a darker and a broader shade, thrown by the keen brightness of the noon-tide rays into an obscurity something resembling the shadows in a very clear moonlight night.

Sir Edward Eaglefield was forcibly struck by the beautiful scenery around

him, and, to pursue the metaphor, the splendor with which the grand theatre of nature was illuminated. He saw every object with the eye of a painter; for he was not only an enthusiastic admirer of that art, but no mean artist himself. He recapitulated the charms of the surrounding landscape with rapture, and concluded his eulogium by giving the preference to the appearance of the country in that autumnal month to any other in the year.

“ I own, Sir Edward,” said Lord Montgomery, interrupting him, “ I differ in opinion from you, I will not say *toto cœlo*, for I allow the superiority of the deep blue of a serene autumnal sky to that of any other season; but in every other respect I must give the preference to spring and summer. You judge with the eye of a painter who only looks to what will produce effect in a picture, where the inconveniencies and even deformities of the archetype escape the observation. The rags of the beggar, or the most loathsome object, sickness, and even death,

death, please us when well imitated on canvases, though we should turn from them with horror and disgust in reality ; and if objects in themselves absolutely disagreeable delight the eye when well imitated, what must be the effect of a scene like this? Yet this scene, brilliant as it is, has many defects, though they are not immediate objects of the sight. The poet, whose art comprehends the objects of every sense, knows this. For one poetical description of autumn, there are a thousand of spring and summer. It is true, the path on which we walk is dry ; but the dew, which the oblique and transient rays of the noon-day sun at this season of the year never exhale, renders a deviation from it unpleasant, unless our feet are properly guarded. The fields are open to the sportsman, but not to the ladies, unless they are so equipped as ladies never should be equipped. Though the trees have not lost their foliage, the woodland walk and the surface of the brook are covered with leaves that fall with every breeze. The eye may be pleased with the variegated

colours of the withering forest, but the imagination is wounded by them. The blossoms of the spring breathe youth and fragrance; the leaves of autumn smell of age and decay: one wears the glow of beauty and health, the other the consumptive flush that fairly tinctures the languid cheek of sickness; it is the symptom of decay, the harbinger of death. Is the choral harmony of the vocal groves of May to yield to the melancholy song of the solitary red-breast preluding winter? These reflections have so strong an effect on me, that, without recurring to the blossoms that paint every shrub in May, the luxuriant verdure of the meadows in June adorned by a thousand varied tints of purple, yellow, and white, yet untouched by the scythe, and the plains in July covered with undulating wheat, whose vivid green is slightly tinged with the faint azure of the bloom, even the first appearance of the hepatica and winter aconite, though peeping from beneath the frosts of January, please me more than the yellow stubbles of September,

September, which give me a melancholy sensation, hardly removed by the reflection that their produce safely housed has rewarded the toil of the farmer, and opened a free career to the manly sports of the field.

“ This difference has never been placed in a stronger light than by the philosopher of Switzerland, whose animated descriptions we have so often traced among the woods and rocks that produced them. In his *Emile* he says, ‘ In spring the country is nearly bare, it is not yet covered with any thing; the woods afford no shade, the verdure is only in embryo, and yet the heart is touched with its appearance. In seeing the renovation of nature we feel ourselves re-animated; we are surrounded by images of pleasure. Those attendants on pleasure, the tears of sensibility, already stand in our eye-lids. The prospect of the vintage may be animated, lively, and agreeable, but we behold it with unmoist-

ened eyes. Whence arises this difference? It is because to the appearance of spring the imagination joins that of the seasons which are to follow; to those tender buds that the eye perceives, the imagination adds flowers, and fruit, and shade; she unites in one point the different seasons that are to succeed, and sees those objects not so much as they will be, as in the manner she desires they should be, since she has the power of selection. In autumn, on the contrary, we only see what in reality is before our eyes. If we would look forward towards spring, we are stopped by winter, and the frozen imagination expires amid ice and snow.' "

" I am much obliged to you for your quotation from a favourite writer, at least as far as the imagination goes," replied Sir Edward: " it was a passage I have heard my father repeat when I was a boy. Indeed he carried this anticipating faculty so far, that he used to call Christmas-day the first

first day of summer—an idea that is well exemplified in this stanza of Akenfide's ode on the winter solstice :

‘ But let my drooping genius rise
And hail the sun's remotest ray ;
Now, now he climbs the northern skies,
To-morrow nearer than to-day.
Then, louder howl the stormy blast,
Be land and ocean worse defaced,
Yet brighter hours are on the wing,
And fancy, through the wintry gloom,
Radiant with dews and flowers in bloom,
Already hails the emerging spring.’ ”

CHAPTER LIII.

THEY now arrived at the top of a gentle eminence which commanded an extensive prospect over the adjacent country. Directly under them was a large wood, whence their ears were soon saluted by the chiding of hounds and the cheering voice of the huntsman.

All at once the pack burst into a loud peal, and the cover echoed with the 'sweet thunder,' while a loud *tally-hoe** from Sammy Hawthorn,

* The author of *The Spiritual Quixote*, in that excellent novel, which perhaps we may class next to those of

Hawthorn, accompanied with the waving of his hat, drawing their attention to the corner of the wood, they perceived the fox stealing off along the side of a hedge. The fox-hunters immediately repeated Sammy's signal; the cry of the hounds swelled with redoubled force. On the side of the wood where the fox broke cover, repeated view hollas mingled with the hunting-horn encouraged the leading hounds; while on the opposite side the frequent clanging of the whip impelled the laggards, till the whole pack, dashing from the cover, spread over the fields in the direction the fox had taken, topping every fence that opposed their course, and carolling their joy in notes of ecstacy.

Young Hawthorn on this occasion would certainly have quoted Shakespeare if he

of Fielding, gives this whimsical etymology of the word: *Tally-ho* quasi Tail O ho!—The dog language of France gives us a more probable derivation, *Taye!* *Taye!* *Bayo!* *Ça va bien, mes petits chiens!*

had ever read him, and have roared out in the words of King Richard,

“A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!”

He, however, heartily bewailed his want of one in plain prose, continually bawling out, “There’s music!—there’s harmony for you!—What concert or oratorio is equal to this?”—“What music?” said Aldworth. —“Zounds!—are you deaf?” cried the other; “can’t you hear it?”—“How the devil should I,” replied Aldworth, “while the dogs and those d—d post horns make such a confounded noise?”

With this sarcasm of the old gentleman, which by the way we believe is borrowed from the compilation of the facetious Joe Miller, we confess we do not agree. We think the cry of a pack of hounds perfectly in unison with a brilliant day in October, though we should be sorry to hear it disturb the melody of the grove in the genial season of the loves and graces; and we hardly think the most phlegmatic spectator could

could have witnessed the general animation without partaking of the enthusiasm in some degree.

From the commanding situation in which they were placed, they surveyed the whole chace at their ease. The hounds, high in mettle, flew over the country with the rapidity of lightning, the cry sinking gradually away as the distance increased; while the horsemen, scattered among the enclosures, urging their hunters to the top of their speed, and clearing the different mounds in their rate, afforded a still more interesting spectacle, both from the variety of objects they exhibited, and from being men, and most of them the acquaintance of the spectators, involved in much apparent difficulty and some danger.

“And these fellows,” said Mr. Aldworth, still petulant, though he knew not why, “as Sylvia says in *The Recruiting Officer*, ‘will hazard their lives in the pursuit

suit of a fox, and yet be afraid to look an enemy in the face.' ”

“ O Mr. Aldworth,” said Lord Montgomery, “ do not judge so hardly of our brave countrymen. There is hardly a sportsman you now see who is not armed and enrolled to serve in the defence of his country; and surely they will not make worse dragoons for being skilful riders, or charge an enemy with less alacrity because they are in the habit of exposing themselves to danger for their amusement. You have just quoted the words of a dramatic poet, give me leave to apply the words of a didactic poet (Somerville) to the circumstances of the present day, and the moving picture before us. We will suppose them addressed to our gracious and beloved Sovereign, as they were in fact to his father :

—— ‘ If some envious power,
Careless of right, and guileful, should invade
Thy Britain’s commerce, or should strive in vain
To wrest the balance from thy equal hand ;
Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green arrayed,

A band

A band undaunted, and inured to toils,
Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,
Or hew thy passage thro' th' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame; inspired by thee,
The nobler chace of glory shall pursue,
Thro' fire and smoke and blood, and fields of
death.' "

Mr. Aldworth said, with a smile, " I believe I was wrong, and I beg pardon of the patriotic fox-hunters." He then added, with a grave aspect, " I fear I have a little too much of the cynic in my manners:—but it was not always so. If I have a partiality for ancient fashions, it does not arise from my youth having been passed in happiness; it was not prosperity that drove me alone and friendless to a remote climate at the age of five-and-twenty:—but no more of this at present. I shall now learn to be happy myself, by making those I love happy."

The chace being now removed from their sight, and the time of day verging towards three, the party returned homeward.

They

They had not proceeded far before Miss Eaglefield missed Viper, who had accompanied her in her walk, and indeed was her constant companion. As Viper was a universal favourite, they all exerted their lungs in calling him—but in vain. On not finding him at home on their return, it was the general opinion of all, though first suggested by Sammy Hawthorn as best skilled in canine propensities, that as Viper, though now a lady's pet, had a great deal of *vermin* in him, he had most probably joined his brother terriers in the chase; and in consequence of this opinion, a servant was dispatched to the house of the gentleman who kept the hounds, with orders to inquire for him at the kennel on their return from hunting.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE remainder of the day was passed with much cheerfulness by all, except those who had that within, which society could not alleviate. The grief of those who sympathize with the misfortunes of others, however dear they may be, will occasionally give way to the joy of the moment, or the state of a feeling mind would be miserable indeed; but the internal anguish that wrings the heart of the sufferer disturbs the hour of repose, and poisons the cup of mirth in every season and in every place:

“ It presses to the memory
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners’ minds.”

When

When the ladies and gentlemen, after their temporary separation in the dining-parlour, were re-assembled in the drawing-room, the conversation turned on the supernatural characters which, after a long banishment, had again taken possession of the English Stage.

“ I remember,” said Mr. Aldworth, “ when I used to frequent the theatres in my youth, ghosts were so much in fashion, that Jaffier and Pierre used to appear in person to Belvidera during the distracted speech that precedes her death ; and I believe they are to be found in the stage directions of the old editions of the play ; but surely they are very properly omitted, as being rather phantoms of a deranged imagination than real appearances.”

“ I perfectly agree with you,” said Lord Montgomery, “ as to those spectres ; but I cannot approve the practice of Drury-lane in leaving out the ghost of Banquo, though supported by the authority of so good a dramatic

dramatic critic as Lloyd *. In a play of Shakespeare, which above all others even of his creative fancy abounds with preternatural characters, to omit one of them only seems perfectly absurd: besides, we know the ghost appeared on the stage in the time of the author, and surely the costume of Shakespeare's theatre should be sacred. Were Banquo's ghost the only one in the play, more might be said for its omission, though I should then question the propriety of it. Macbeth, on going to sit down, first exclaims, "The table's full!" and, on being told there is a place reserved for him, simply asks, "Where?" If his conscience only had conjured up the spectre, the form of his murdered friend would instantly have struck him, and not the general appearance of a full table without distinguishing any particular person or place. As to the ghost being only visible to him, the same thing happens in the scene between Hamlet and his mother, where the ghost speaks. The apparition, however,

* In *The Actor*, a Poem.

should

should be so contrived as to rise to an empty seat at the table, which might be easily done; for the blood-boltered Banquo rising to an insulated chair in the middle of the stage is ridiculous in the representation, and completely in opposition to the conduct of Macbeth, which I have just been mentioning."

"I perfectly coincide with this observation," said Sir Edward Eaglefield; "and when the alteration was first brought forward at Drury-Lane, it was so much the fashion to admire it, that I began to tremble for all the wonderful machinery of our immortal poet. Nay, I almost doubt, whether the ghost of Hamlet, though as much a person of the drama* as his son of flesh and blood, would have been permitted to 'burst his cearments and re-visit the glimpses of the

* There is a laughable story told, I think in *The Mirror*, of a strolling company performing *Hamlet*, with this notice at the bottom of the bill, "The part of Hamlet for that night only, to be left out."

moon,'

moon,' had not the taste of the public taken suddenly another turn ; for almost at the same time that Shakespeare's ancient ghost was kept below the boards of Drury-Lane, a modern one from the imagination of Mr. Boaden stalked over those of Covent-Garden ; since which, and the publication of the very interesting tale from which it is taken, we have been so be-ghosted both in prose and verse, that Granvil, Moreton, and Beaumont have been ransacked to afford incidents for our novels, and Hecate may summon her dramatic goblins about her in the words of Shakespeare—

' Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.'

" By the way, as a very ingenious though rather eccentric writer has defended the introduction of blacks at a period when negro slaves were unknown in Europe, and has given us some hopes
that

that he will treat us with a blue heroine, would not a negro ghost appearing to a white man be a pleasing variety in the marvellous? suppose, for instance, Yarico to Inkle."

"What, would you kill poor Yarico," said Miss Eaglefield, "and make the opera end unhappily?"

"I certainly would kill Yarico," said Sir Edward, "which I think would make the drama end more happily than it does at present; for we could never lament the death of Yarico so much as her being married to such a cruel, avaricious, unprincipled wretch as Inkle is represented in the opera."

From a dissertation on dramatic ghosts the conversation by degrees deviated to stories of real, or rather supposed real ones; and though every narration was prefaced by the narrator with an assertion of his total disbelief of such relations in general,

general, yet there was always something so very striking in that particular story, and the witnesses of it were so well known and so respectable, that, while the eye and the features contradicted the affected scepticism of the tongue, the orator, being moved himself, moved also his audience; and the disbelief of the understanding was overcome by the credulity of the imagination.

Mr. Aldworth, observing the growing effect of these tales of wonder on the company, said with a very serious countenance, "All these things are wonderful; but I think I know an account of an apparition more extraordinary than any I have heard to-night; it was related to me by a sailor, who declared he himself was an eye-witness of it." "We were sailing," he said, "on the Indian ocean, in a ship called the *New Hector*; and as I was in the mid-watch, on a moon-light night, I saw the ghost of the *Old Hector*, which had been lost, sail by us. I could swear to the ship, for I saw

saw my old mess-mate Tom Loney the boatswain's mate on board her.' Perceiving his audience smile, he added, "Marvellous as this may seem, I have so high an opinion of the honest tar's veracity who related it, that I believe it as much, and indeed think it quite as probable, as any of the other wonderful tales that have been told."

As he was ending this curious relation, a servant informed them, that the man who had been sent to the kennel was returned without any tidings of Viper: and he added, in answer to the inquiries of young Hawthorn, that the hounds had had a glorious run, but that the whipper-in was much hurt by a fall.

Sammy immediately went out to learn the particulars of this interesting intelligence. After an absence of about a quarter of an hour, he came into the room with evident symptoms of perturbation and terror. It was some time before he could
recover

recover his voice; but at length he declared, that he was sure both the whipper-in and Viper were dead, for he had seen both their ghosts.

"Their ghosts! you blockhead?" said his father; "you have been listening to this foolish conversation—ladies and gentlemen, I beg your pardon—till you are afraid of your own shadow."

"Indeed, Sir," said Sammy, "I was not at all afraid. I went to the stables as bold as a lion, whistling all the way; and Will told me all about the chace, and how Dick's horse came down with him at a staked hedge: but as I was returning, and crossing the lane that leads to the village, I heard a dog bark; and looking up, I saw Viper as plain as I see you, following Dick on the same white gelding that he rode this morning."

Poor Sammy was laughed at for his apparition, which was declared to be the

counterpart of the Old Hector. Supper now interrupted the further progress of these marvellous metaphysics, and a more cheerful conversation took place till all the company retired to rest, Mr. Aldworth and his guests sleeping at the house.

CHAPTER LV.

BUT, though all the company went to bed, they did not all enjoy the refreshment of sleep. The imagination of young Hawthorn was so heated by the stories he had heard, and the apparitions he fancied he had seen, that he lay rolled up in the bed-clothes in a violent perspiration, afraid to look up lest he should see the ghost of the whipper-in peeping through the bed-curtains, and thinking every mouse he heard behind the wainscot was the spectre of Viper padding about the room.

Emilia Eaglefield was haunted by visions of another kind. Pleased as she sincerely was at the bright prospects that now opened on her once wretched friend, and pure as her gentle and benevolent mind was from the least taint of so malignant a vice as envy, yet she could not avoid contrasting the present situation of Lydia Hawthorn with her own; and reflecting on the irreparable loss she had sustained in the companion of her infancy, the friend and the lover of her youth, endeared by virtuous passion, approved by reason and reflection, the tears flowed on her pillow, and she almost wept aloud.

Neither were the sensations of Lord Montgomery much more tranquil. Watching with undiverted attention every emotion, every look of Emilia, he clearly read the situation of her heart, and was *himself* truly wretched to see *her* so. Of uniting her happiness with his as he saw the impossibility, he gave up the idea for ever; but his generous heart was deeply wounded

ed to perceive, no sacrifice he could make, no effort he could exert, could restore tranquillity to the bosom of the idol of his soul; and while he beheld the object of his fondest and purest affection sinking under a weight he could neither remove nor alleviate, he felt how little the gifts of affluence and power, though employed for the purposes of benevolence, can influence the real happiness of their possessor, and how many evils are incident to human nature which no human assistance can remove. And with a sentiment of fervent devotion, which surely neither misbecame him as a man of quality nor debased him as a man of spirit, he recommended his lovely and afflicted friend to that Being, who alone can heal the wounds his awful and mysterious providence has inflicted.

Lord Montgomery lay absorbed in these melancholy reflections, till the first twilight of the morning cast a faint gleam into the room. Tired of tossing from side to

side without sleep, he arose, and, dressing himself, strolled out into the fields.

Just as the upper part of the sun's orb appeared like a bright golden wire over the summit of the hills, increasing every moment, till imperceptibly as the progress of thought the full disk appeared, and shed a yellow radiance over the waving surface of the forest, he entered a path-way that led into a small wood. He had not proceeded many paces before he was startled from a deep reverie by the barking of a dog; and looking down he saw, not the ghost of Viper, but Viper himself, who, on recognising his old acquaintance, was now testifying his joy by wagging his tail, jumping on him, and every other demonstration of dog-like satisfaction.

As soon as Viper had finished his gratulations to Lord Montgomery, he ran hastily forward, and in a few moments barked again, though in a key that shewed satisfaction rather than defiance.

On

On this Lord Montgomery pushed hastily forward, and, on suddenly turning an angle in the path, was almost petrified with surprise to behold the figure of Henry Beverley before him. For a moment he was inclined to credit all the tales of the preceding evening, and he eagerly cried out, "Heavens and earth! what is it that I see?"

"You see," replied Henry Beverley, "one of the most miserable of mankind—one who is truly sorry that the report which has been circulated of his death was not really verified.—But be not alarmed—I come not here to disturb either *your* happiness, or that of—The name distracts me—I shall vanish this moment for ever—So soon forgotten?—But it is no matter."

Here he turned hastily round, and was going off through the wood; but Lord Montgomery stopped him, saying, "For Heaven's sake stay and explain yourself!—

What can you mean by interrupting my happiness?"

"I do not know what I mean——O Montague, forgive a sudden gust of passion unworthy of my friendship for you—unworthy of myself. I will not go—I will witness the happiness of the two dearest objects I have on earth, and implore eternal blessings on you both."

"Henry Beverley," said Lord Montgomery, "I am no stranger to your disinterested friendship, to the almost more than human self-denial of your love. You said something about being forgotten—I know not what rumours you may have heard, but I can partly guess; for, through the folly and vanity of Mr. Mortlock and Mrs. Margaret Eaglefield, I have been innocently the occasion of much uneasiness to Emilia."

"And are you not going to be married to her?" cried Beverley, eagerly interrupting him.

"Married

“ Married to her!—No:—her soul is devoted to your memory—living or dead you never can have a rival in her affections. The moment I learned the situation of her heart, I desisted from the pursuit of her. My eyes were instantly opened to the generous motive that took you so abruptly from Lausanne. I conceived myself the cause that tore you from your friends, your love, your parent; that precipitated you, as I thought, to an untimely death. Thank Heaven, in that thought I was deceived. It shall be my endeavour, and I trust it will be crowned with success, to make my other fears as completely a deception. I have seen with agony not to be expressed the deep melancholy that preys on Emilia. Though my attachment to her is not new to you, and I have no wish to deny it—I declare to you upon my honour, that without any affectation of specious stoicism, without any impulse of pride not to be conquered by you in this contest of friendship, I feel the most sincere happiness in the certainty

that your return will restore tranquillity to her troubled spirit; a happiness even paramount to what I feel, and it is no common one, in seeing you restored in safety to your friends and country."

During this speech of his friend Beverley stood in silent attention, but his apparent agitation spoke the strong workings of his mind. Lord Montgomery saw this, and, reading his thoughts, went on, assuming a more cheerful manner:

"My dear friend, I perceive the conflict of your mind. You are a little unkind to me—you are too proud to receive what you think an obligation from me, though you were so ready to confer one at the expence of your own peace of mind. Do not begin to be selfish now, and refuse to confer another obligation by making me happy in seeing you and Emilia so.—I'll answer for the consent of her brother and Lady Eaglefield, and a fig for Mr. Mortlock and Mrs. Margaret.—You look grave.

grave. Do not think this levity assumed. It is the result of the real pleasure I feel. The man must be weak indeed, who cannot conquer his passion for a woman from whom he has never received any encouragement, whatever his attachment may have been, and however great her beauty and merit. It is the tearing asunder affections which have been mutually engaged, that bars the arrow of disappointed passion, and prevents it from being ever eradicated. This is not my case. I cease to love Emilia Eaglefield, though I profess the warmest esteem for her. The present situation of my country, and the claims my own situation peculiarly gives it on me, chalk out duties to me sufficient to occupy all my attention; and if I can occasionally snatch any leisure from those duties, happy shall I be to devote it to the society of you and the amiable Emilia.— Let this be a proof of the complete extinction of my own passion. You are too well acquainted with my principles not to

be assured, that if I felt any other regard for her than what I ought to feel for the wife of my friend, I would sooner die than set my foot over your threshold."

"Montague!" said Henry Beverley, tears almost choaking his utterance, "my dear Montague! forgive me for calling you by the plain appellation that you bore when our friendship commenced. You are the same noble fellow—you are my superior every way—I am conquered—I will learn of you to act only from principle, and not from pride—I accept happiness from your hand with gratitude."

"Then comes my turn to be proud," said Lord Montgomery, "and I truly am so of this victory. But a truce with heroics, and let me know how you came here alive—for we have here almost an eye-witness of your death: nay, I have a strong idea that your ghost appeared to poor Sammy Hawthorn last night."

Beverley,

Beverley, now grown more calm and collected, informed his friend, that in the retreat of the British troops from Holland he was wounded and taken by the enemy, and that, as many of the officers and soldiers saw him fall, it was very natural that a report of his death should be generally spread throughout the army, as a close confinement, where he was more treated like a criminal than a prisoner of war, prevented any intercourse with his friends, till the establishment of a milder system permitted him to re-visit his native country.

He added, that when he arrived in London, on inquiring for his friend Hamilton he learned he was out of town. He immediately wrote to his father, informing him of his arrival, to prevent the consequences of a sudden surprise at his unexpected appearance, following his letter on post-horses immediately.

"But how came you here?" said Lord Montgomery.

"I will

" I will tell you.—Stopping at the town which is the next post from Salisbury, while the horses were getting ready I had the curiosity to inquire after the family of the Hawthorns, whose residence I knew could not be far distant. A man who had just alighted from his horse said, ' I can tell you all about them. The house is full of company : among the rest, two strange gentlemen who came to 'Squire Aldworth's, the great Indee Nabob, in a post-chaise last night. There was a great rumpus, and another gentleman was kicked out of the 'Squire's house. And a young lady that he courted is going to be married to one of the other strange gentlemen, who, it seems, was an old suitor of hers. He is a Lord, I believe—Montgomery I think they call him.'

" I listened to this strange confused account with little attention, till your name was mentioned, when I instantly felt myself strongly interested in it, and directly asked with great impatience, if he knew the lady's

lady's name to whom Lord Montgomery was going to be married? My informer replied, he was not quite certain: 'Some say it is to Miss Liddy, 'Squire Hawthorn's daughter, and some say it is to a strange Miss——Eaglefield, or Inglefield, I am not certain which, with whom they got acquainted in foreign parts, and who is now staying at the 'Squire's along with her brother, who is a Knight.'

"Some hints of this kind had been given me during my short stay in London.—Knowing your attachment to Miss Eaglefield—knowing how improbable it was that you could be going to marry Miss Hawthorn, and combining with these thoughts the extraordinary circumstance of you and the Eaglefield family being together at Mr. Hawthorn's, I concluded that you actually were on the eve of being united to Emilia. My feelings on this occasion I cannot describe, though I certainly had no right to be offended, and no reason to be surprised; for, if my conduct
in

in quitting Lausanne had any fixed principle at all, it was to lead to that event: and it was perhaps even worse than folly to set up pretensions after my supposed death, which I had voluntarily renounced when I was known to be alive. My passions, however, pressed too strongly on me to be under the controul of my reason—I directly mounted my horse, and ordered the guide to conduct me to Mr. Hawthorn's house; and when I came in sight of the village, I directed him to go on to Salisbury and wait my coming. I myself rode about the fields till it was night, and then went to a small ale-house in the village, where I heard more that confirmed the former account; and hither I wandered as soon as it was light, uncertain whether I should seek an interview with you, or pursue my way to my father's."

"But how came this dog with you?" said Lord Montgomery.

"During

"During my desultory ride yesterday, a pack of hounds crossed me. Among the attendant terriers I saw one that resembled Viper so much, that I could not forbear calling to him; and to my surprise I found it really was my old dog, who was so glad to recognise his master, that he left the pursuits of his sport and followed me."

"Pray, what was the colour of the horse you rode?"

"White. - Why do you ask?"

"Perhaps you will smile at the cause of my curiosity presently, though it now appears impertinent. But you have other news to learn, and other friends to meet that you little expect. The family will soon be assembled at breakfast—I will go and prepare the way for your reception—but I think I will take Viper with me as a master of the ceremonies; he will be a welcome guest, as his absence has occasioned much uneasiness to his fair patroness."

All

All the coaxing and solicitation of Lord Montgomery could not prevail on Viper to leave his newly-recovered master, and he was obliged to take him in his arms; against which violence the terrier made some resistance by struggling, and some remonstrances by growling. But Lord Montgomery persevered, as he thought he might be of some use in breaking to Emilia the happy tidings of Beverley's return.

CHAPTER LVI.

LORD Montgomery found all the family at the breakfast table. Miss Eaglefield expressed great satisfaction at seeing Viper in safety. But no sooner was he put down, than to her great surprise, notwithstanding the invitation of her melodious voice, seconded by the proffered bribery of a piece of toast and butter, he took the advantage of the door being open, and went off full speed.

This odd manœuvre of the dog greatly surprised Emilia. Lord Montgomery made the following him a pretence for not sitting down to breakfast; and winking on Sir Edward,

ward, he arose from the table, and they went out together.

Sir Edward now heard with mingled wonder and joy the account of his friend's return. The meeting between him and Henry Beverley was very affecting; and Sir Edward could not avoid expressing much concern at the coldness of his conduct to him for some time before they parted. But Beverley stopped him: "I confess," he said, "I saw with regret, that the difference which our mode of education had made in our manners had something abated the warmth of our early affection. But as I was sure my friend's good sense would lead him to shake off in manhood the prejudices that his youth had imbibed from improper teachers, so I was equally certain his excellent heart would again return to the connections of his infancy."

"My dear Beverley," he replied, "I flatter myself that my heart will do justice
to

to your good opinion; but to my good sense I owe nothing as to the alteration which I hope you will find both in my manners and my actions. Like Cymon in Dryden's fable, I was polished—or, as my former preceptors would probably call it, unpolished—by falling in love. I need not, I am sure, point out to you the fair Iphigenia. She is well known to my friend, and was by no means insensible to his merit. But henceforth I hope to know you by a dearer name than friend, and now take you by the hand as my brother."

The feelings of both were now raised to that excess of joy that verges toward the borders of pain; which Lord Montgomery observing, he thus interrupted them: "Since that is the case, it would be well if the two brothers would think a little of the lovely cause of their affinity, and consider of the best means of discovering the happy event of Henry's return to her gentle mind, and not suffer her to continue a moment

ment longer in her present anguish of mind."

This, it was unanimously agreed, could be only done by Lady Eaglefield. To her, therefore, it was communicated, and by her it was gradually and tenderly imparted to her daughter. To describe the transition from the depth of sorrow to the highest pitch of happiness which perhaps human nature is capable of supporting, that took place in the bosom of Emilia, as the delicate attention of a fond and prudent mother led her from a first faint dawn of hope to the placing her in the arms of her loving and beloved Beverley, is a task to which we find ourselves totally unequal. In this, therefore, as in some other instances, we refer ourselves to the imagination of the reader, which will either draw a better picture than the pencil of the finest artist can delineate, or will not be able to perceive any beauty in the most exquisite portrait, though drawn by the hand of a Charlotte Smith.

It

It was, perhaps, hardly possible to find a more happy group than was now assembled at Mr. Hawthorn's. The whole day was passed with the highest degree of good humour and cheerfulness, the least of which was expressed by those who really experienced the most heartfelt delight; for, if neither Major Beverley nor Captain Hamilton, Miss Eaglefield nor Miss Hawthorn, were quite so merry as Sammy, it is more than probable they were at least quite as happy.

Sammy was peculiarly elated at the reality, as he termed it, of his ghosts: "for though my father," he said, "wanted to persuade me I saw nothing, yet I did see something. Viper, to be sure, is alive, and I find the whipper-in is not much hurt. But I saw Viper sure enough; and it was the Major there that I took for Dick, who was upon a white horse exactly like that I saw him upon yesterday a-hunting, and one might easily take one for the other by moonlight."

"I fin-

"I sincerely congratulate Mr. Samuel," said Aldworth, "on the verification of his spectres; which happens exactly in the same way that every other story of the same kind has been verified, or at least would be if it were carefully investigated."

"You are very severe upon the marvellous, Mr. Aldworth," said Lady Eaglefield; "but when supernatural characters are well introduced into works of acknowledged fiction, I own they always give me both pleasure and interest; and you yourself was yesterday an advocate for Banquo's ghost. As for a real belief in apparitions, surely infidelity is more the character of the present day than superstition."

"I am perfectly ready to defend my former opinion of ghosts in fictitious story, Madam," replied Aldworth, "when they are the production of great and creative genius. But how seldom do we find this! One of the first poets in our language gives
the

the monopoly of magic to Shakespeare.
When Dryden says,

—' Shakespeare's magic could not copied be,
Within that circle none durst walk but he'—

I tremble at the rashness of inferior bards. As for the other observation of your ladyship, it is but too true. Yet such is the unaccountable frame of the human mind, that the highest degree of scepticism and the weakest superstition are by no means incompatible. The man whose credulity is founded on early impressions made on his imagination, and who only disbelieves solemn and important truths because he will not hear them, or cannot understand them, will brave the power of his Creator when encouraged by day-light and good company, and tremble at the falling of a straw when in solitude and silence."

CHAPTER LVII.

THE next morning Henry Beverley proposed going into Devonshire to his father. Sir Edward Eaglefield endeavoured to prevail on him to delay his journey for a day or two, when he purposed returning himself to Eaglefield Castle, with his mother and sister, as he expected a visit from Mr. Frazer and his family, and hoped to prevail on Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorn and Lydia to accompany them as well as Mr. Aldworth and his nephew; neither was Sammy left out of the invitation.

The proposal was made with so much cordiality, and was so agreeable to all parties,

ties, that there was no dissentient voice except Henry Beverley's. His filial affection overcame his inclination to wait for his friends, dear as most of them were to him, and one superlatively so. He set out immediately on his post-horse, joined the guide who had waited with much impatience for him at Salisbury, and pursued his journey into Devonshire.

Stopping at an inn within a few miles of his father's house to change horses, as he was walking in the inn-yard while that operation was performing, he was suddenly startled by the exclamation of "Merciful and mysterious Providence!—My son!—my son!—" and in a moment found himself in the arms of his father.

That in the cup of human life the ingredients of misery and happiness are mingled, is a truth that has never yet been contraverted; but whether it arises from the transition of misery to happiness being more rare than the reverse, or from any other cause, the

fact certainly is, that unexpected joy is more difficult to bear with moderation than unexpected sorrow. The first has frequently been fatal, the latter seldom or never but to persons of debilitated constitution. The Christian philosophy that had enabled Mr. Beverley to bear with patient resignation the supposed death of his son, now sunk under the joy of this surprising interview. His voice failed him; his bosom shook with hysteric convulsions; and had not a copious shower of tears come critically to his relief, the consequences might have been mortal.

As soon as he could recover himself enough to think, the first effusions of that faculty were directed in pious gratitude to the giver and preserver of life, for this it seemed miraculous restoration of his son; the next, to his inquiries into the cause of the wonderful event. No sooner had these been satisfied by Henry with an account of the scenes of happiness that were now opening on him, than he took him again in his arms.

arms. His tongue was silent : but he who frames the heart and directs all its motions, read a thanksgiving there that no human voice could articulate.

It now remains to account for Mr. Beverley's being unacquainted with his son's safety, as he had previously written to inform him of it. But he had been for some days on a visit to a friend on the other side of the county, and was now on his return home ; consequently Henry's letter had not yet reached him.

CHAPTER LVIII.

ALL the guests whom Sir Edward had invited were now arrived at Eaglefield Castle; and as Mr. Frazer and his family soon joined them, the whole party which had met were again assembled, with the exception only of Mr. Mortlock and Mrs. Margaret, whose absence was not much regretted, especially as their place in the society was much better filled by the addition of Mr. Beverley, Mr. Aldworth, and Captain Hamilton.

Among the first to welcome the return of the master of Eaglefield Castle and his friends was old Robert. The moment he saw

saw Mr. Aldworth, he regarded him with particular attention, as if his face brought back to his memory features that had once been familiar to him. But as soon as he heard his name mentioned, he went up to him, and, calling him by it, inquired after his health in accents of affectionate respect.

This surprised Mr. Aldworth, who did not recollect Robert in the least, till he recalled him to his memory, by asking him if he had forgotten his groom-boy Bob Adams.

"No, indeed, I have not," said Mr. Aldworth, "nor the day on which I last saw you. If you are that person, and I think I can retrace your features, I fear I left you involved in some difficulty; but it shall now be my care to make you ample amends."

"Indeed you must not, Mr. Aldworth," said Sir Edward, interrupting him; "I
I 4 must

must here set bounds to your generosity. Robert has been upwards of forty years in the service of my family, and on me it is incumbent to reward him for his honesty and fidelity during that long period. It is my intention to settle him on a farm, and stock it for him, whenever he chooses to retire from his present situation."

"Then, an't please your honour," said Robert, "that will be never. I have met with such kind treatment from yourself, your father, and your grandfather, ever since I came into your family a distressed lad, when I left Squire Aldworth, or rather when the Squire left me, that my only wish is to die, as I have lived, in your service."

"Well, Robert," said Sir Edward, "it shall be as you please. If it is not your own wish, it never will be mine, that you quit this house."

Robert thanked him with one of his best bows, and as good a speech as he could
make

make on the occasion, accompanied with a look of respect and gratitude that was more significant than either.

What had been mentioned of the abrupt separation of Mr. Aldworth and his servant, accompanied with the hint he had once before dropped of the cause of his leaving England in his youth, strongly excited the curiosity of all who were present. This curiosity he was pressed to gratify with as much earnestness as the politeness of the company could authorise; to which he readily consented, saying, "If the misfortunes of the early life of an old man can at all interest those who now kindly take part in his welfare, I will readily give them the story of my youth."

CHAPTER LIX.

“MY father died when I was so young as not to be sensible of his loss. As his private fortune was very small, though he had a large income from a very lucrative place that he held in one of the offices under government, his death obliged my mother to make a great retrenchment in her manner of living. Nevertheless, she spared no expence in my education—a measure not so impracticable with a circumscribed fortune then as it is at present, when the charge of keeping a lad at a public school, and afterwards at the university,

verfity, is equal to the expenditure of a genteel family in moderate circumstances.

“ When I was about eleven years of age, my mother was introduced to a person of the name of Delavak. He was in the mercantile line, and had the reputation of being a man of opulence. On this consideration, and with an idea that his fortune might be of use in bringing me forward in the world, (at least such she declared was her only motive,) she was prevailed on to marry him.

"As he was very affectionate to my mother and very kind to me, I passed my time very pleasantly at home during my vacations. One daughter, the mother of this young man, born within a year after their marriage, was their only offspring. Of her I grew very fond, and her partiality for me was equally strong.

“ I left the university as soon as I came of age ; and intending to follow the pro-
 I 6 session.

session of the law, I entered myself at the Temple. I was neither extravagant nor idle, though I did not scruple occasionally to enliven the severer studies of jurisprudence by visiting the theatres, and mixing in polite and convivial society. This I was enabled to do without injury to my own scanty fortune, by the liberal assistance of my step-father, who indulged me, besides, in keeping a servant and a couple of horses at his expence.

“ My sister was now fixed at a boarding-school within a few miles of London, where I frequently visited her, and often fell into company with a young lady of about twenty, who was a parlour-boarder, and who appeared very partial to Caroline. I soon entertained a violent passion for her; our regard was reciprocal; and, attending more to the suggestions of love than of prudence, we married.

“ I here again experienced the kindness of Mr. Delaval, who reconciled my mother to
to

to the match, and took me and my wife into his house.

“The first long vacation after our marriage, my wife’s health having suffered from a miscarriage, and being advised to try sea-bathing, we went to a small fishing-town on the coast of Sussex, for such was Brighthelmstone then; taking only my groom-boy (that honest old man), and lodging and boarding in a little farm-house; whose master was half an husbandman and half a smuggler. Here I became acquainted with a young officer who was recruiting in that county, and who, though neither very wise nor very witty, was lively and good-humoured, and made an agreeable third person to break occasionally our family tête-à-tête.

“To pass over as briefly as possible the remainder of my painful story—On my returning one morning from hunting, I found my wife had eloped with this empty coxcomb, and was gone towards London. I
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immediately pursued them without dismounting; but having had a very hard chace in the morning, when I got to Lewes my horses could proceed no further, and I was obliged to submit to the tedious conveyance of a stage—very different from the present flying vehicles.

“ I went immediately to my father-in-law—But, good God! what was my horror at finding the house in the utmost distress and confusion! Mr. Delaval had just put a period to his own existence—and my mother, whose health had been for some time visibly on the decline, was thrown into violent convulsions by the shock, which were very soon fatal to her. As soon as I could at all recollect myself, after these complicated strokes of misfortune, I found this to be my situation:—Abandoned by my wife—deprived by death of my mother—my fortune lost, it having been placed in Mr. Delaval’s hands, whose ruined affairs had occasioned his suicide—with ten guineas in my pocket, and owing about

about a hundred.—The only object on earth that now interested me was my sister. She had two thousand pounds in the hands of trustees, which the creditors could not touch, it being secured by a settlement previous to the marriage.

“ After many different resolutions, I at last determined on quitting the scene of my misery. I wrote to my sister’s trustees, recommending her strongly to their care and protection. I wrote also to Robert at Lewes, giving him my horses to dispose of in satisfaction for the wages I owed him.— I then flew to the boarding-school, abhorrent as the place was to me from recollection, to take a farewell of my dear Caroline, and gave her that locket which has been the happy instrument of restoring her son to me. I then entered on board a ship bound for China, where industry and patience, assisted by good fortune during a series of forty years, raised me to opulence, but not to happiness.

“ On

"On my return to England, I inquired after my faithless wife, but have never been able to learn any thing of her; neither was I more lucky with regard to my sister, till chance brought me acquainted with her image in this excellent and brave young man, from whom, and his lovely partner, I hope to receive in my age that domestic felicity of which my youth was unfortunately deprived."

"And blessed instruments, Sir," said Robert, "were your horses to me, though at first they had nearly been fatal to me. A lad in my situation having two fine hunters to sell, was in itself suspicious, which was rendered more so by my being obliged to offer them at a price much below their value, as I was not able to pay for their keep. I was accordingly taken up as a horse-stealer, and carried before a justice; and I should have certainly been sent to jail, had it not been for his honour's worthy grand-father, Sir John, who happened to be in that country. He examined

mined me thoroughly, read my master's letter, and was so convinced of my innocence, that he not only got me set free, but bought my horses at a fair price, and took me with them into his service."

CHAPTER LX.



AT the period to which this history is now arrived, the reader will have little difficulty in anticipating the catastrophe; and as the characters are now all assembled in a group, we might adopt the practice of the newly-imported German dramas, and precipitately drop the curtain on them.— But though we are happy to see interest and pathos drawn from any source wherever they can be found, we do not approve the borrowing of theatrical arrangement from comparatively a barbarous stage:— to such, therefore, of our readers who
like

like to take a farewell of their friends before they part, we dedicate this chapter. Those who prefer the method of Kotzebue to that of the British poets from Shakespeare to Cumberland, may drop the curtain when they please by closing the volume.

As soon as the necessary preliminaries could be arranged, Sir Edward Eaglefield received the hand of Miss Frazer, and Captain Hamilton the hand of Miss Hawthorn. Henry Beverley and Emilia Eaglefield were rewarded for the faithful constancy of the one, and the generous self-denial of the other, by having the union of their hearts, which had existed earlier than their recollection could trace, sanctioned by the full approbation of all their friends, and confirmed at the altar by the benediction of the reverend and truly revered Mr. Beverley. And that gentleman, though his delicate spirit of independence would not suffer his son to receive any addition to his fortune from the liberal
offers

offers of Lord Montgomery, was through the interest of that excellent young nobleman advanced to high dignity in the church — and never was interest more worthily employed. Major Beverley also was soon promoted, first to a Lieutenant-colonelcy, and then to the command of a regiment; while Sir Edward Eaglefield made a large addition to the fortune that was settled on his sister, purchasing for her a considerable estate, with a good house upon it, in the neighbourhood of Eaglefield Castle; Lady Eaglefield dividing her time between her son and daughter, which was, in fact, living with both, as their families were seldom apart.

Mr. Aldworth retired to a farm-house, in which he fitted up a few comfortable rooms for himself, and the occasional reception of his friends, resigning his own house to his nephew, who received soon afterwards an acquisition of fortune from his paternal uncle the clergyman, who only lived long enough to be informed of
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the vindication of his character, and to make a will in his favour.

By the advice of Mr. Aldworth, and the assistance of his son, who was now of age, Mr. Hawthorn, by selling part of his property, disencumbered the rest, and enjoyed himself, and was enabled to transmit to his heirs, a clear estate of greater real, though of less nominal, value than what he had ever before possessed.

But this act of young Hawthorn, which gave effect to the prudential resolve of his father, was the effect of mere complacency, and not of principle. The same easiness of disposition that made him consent without previous examination to a proceeding which was to be of essential benefit to his father and himself, would have induced him to sign a deed that would convey all his property to a swindler. As his pursuits did not lead him to any active scenes of life, but were confined chiefly to the sports of the field, little was to be apprehended

hended from his careless indifference.— The chief object to be dreaded, an imprudent marriage, for Sammy had his village gallantries, was prevented by *matching* him (to use the term of prudential and Newmarket connexions) with a young woman of respectable family and moderate fortune, who was capable of managing her domestic concerns and governing her husband.

None of these arrangements met with the approbation of Mr. Mortlock or Mrs. Margaret Eaglefield; and as the news of them arrived during their residence at Bath, they resolved to console each other by forming a sentimental union on the principles of Platonic love, which, however, to avoid scandal, they thought proper to sanction by the authority of the church.

The friendship between Sir Edward Eaglefield and Henry Beverley was renewed with redoubled warmth; the different shades in the character of each, as
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in their boyish years, correcting and relieving those of the other—the one exhibiting the pattern of a polished and gallant soldier, the other of an accomplished and independent country gentleman—the protector of the poor, and the guardian of those laws, and that constitution at home, which the sword of the other protected from foreign insult or invasion. Neither were the ladies less connected by the ties of reciprocal regard. Sir Edward beheld his sister with increased affection as the wife of his friend—and the love of Madelain had been completely won by the manly tenderness of her husband, while the slight impression once made on her heart by Henry Beverley gave way to the sincere but cooler influence of fraternal friendship. Enjoying as much felicity as human nature can experience, they were studious to impart it to all around them, by good-humour and complacency to their equals, and benevolence and charity to their inferiors. The opulent never entered their doors without a smile of pleasure,

sure, the indigent never left them without a blessing of gratitude.

The life of Lord Montgomery was passed in the constant exercise of every public and every private virtue—the friend of distress in whatever stage it presented itself, and the warm patron of neglected and unassuming merit—too wise and too just not to discriminate between the deserving and undeserving—too deeply imbued with the milk of human kindness not to make allowance for human weakness, not to feel for misery however it might originate; and whenever he felt, the liberality of his hand always followed the sensations of his heart. When the rain of Heaven descends alike on the just and unjust, he could see no reason why the charity of man should not fall alike on the prudent and the imprudent. Conscious rectitude is seldom involved in those misfortunes that man can relieve; and when it is, it stands erect and faces the storm: but when weakness and frailty bow the head to the dust, hard is the heart that refuses

refuses to raise it, lest his kindness should be an encouragement to folly and imprudence!

In his political character he was attached to his country by pure patriotism, totally unbiassed by selfish ambition, and sincerely loyal to his King, as well from respect to his public rank in the Constitution as from esteem and veneration for his numerous private virtues. He revered him as the Monarch of Great Britain; he loved him as the Father of his People. Though a zealous advocate for real liberty, and the equal distribution of law and justice among all orders of the State; yet being sensible both from reason and experience that government cannot be well administered by ignorance and indigence, he detested democracy; and, taking aristocracy in its true sense, of power in the hands of the wealthy, the noble, and above all the virtuous, he was in practice and principle strictly an *Aristocrat*.

His passion for Emilia has entirely subsided into a sincere friendship for herself, her family, and connexions, which receives additional strength from his increasing regard for Henry Beverley. A constant intercourse of reciprocal regard, in which he is now engaged with a lovely and accomplished woman, will probably soon induce him to enter into that state in which he sees his friends are so happy :—a consummation devoutly to be wished, as we are decidedly of opinion that it is not good for Man to be alone.

THE END.